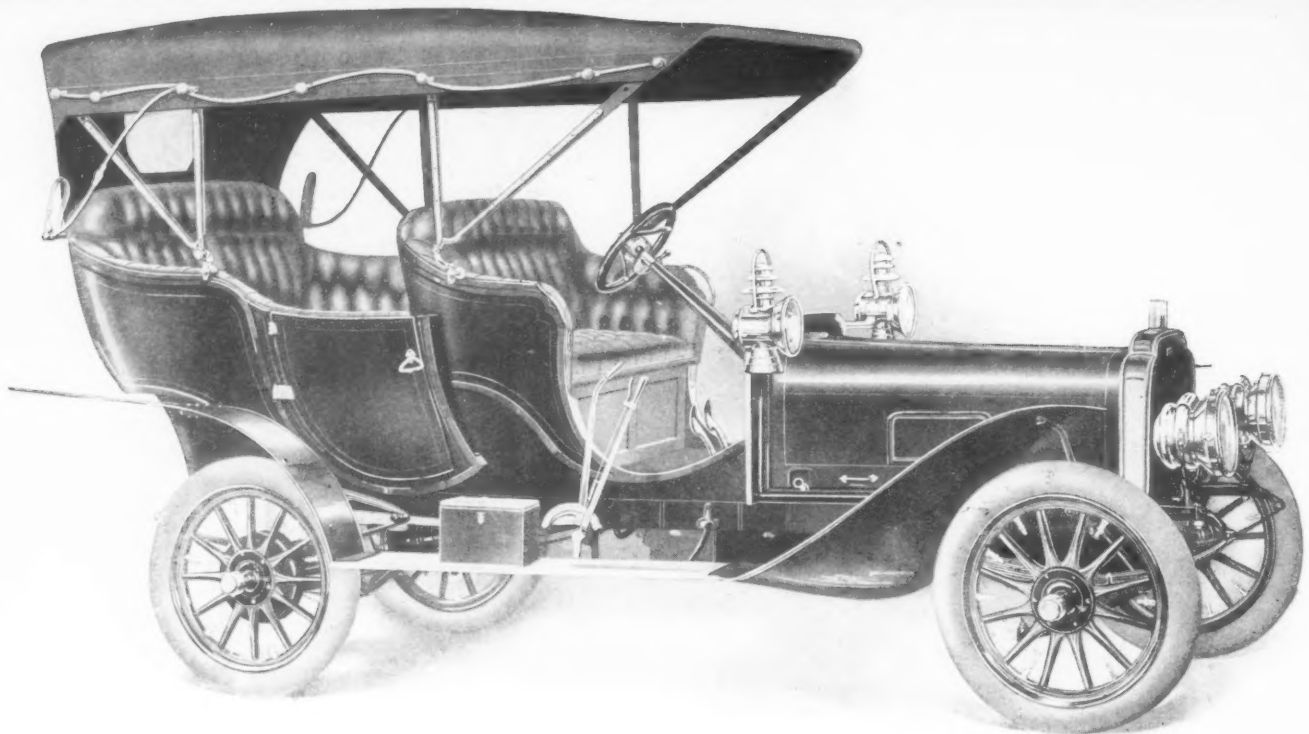


1906.

LIFE

PROPERTY OF
THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB
NOT TO BE MUTILATED
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING





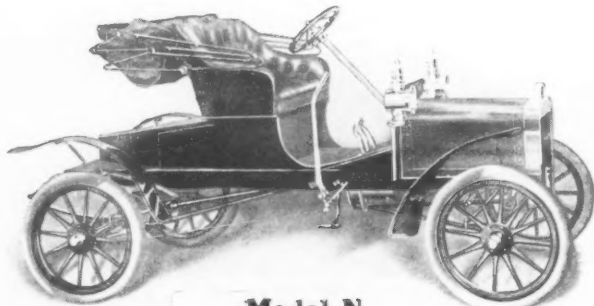
The FORD SIX CYLINDER Model K

6-cylinders vertical $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$. 40 H.P. Speed 50 miles per hour to four miles on a high gear. Improved planetary transmission. 114 inch Wheel Base. Perfected magneto ignition. Mechanical oiler. Weight 2400 pounds.

The *constant torque* of the *six cylinders* is like the steady power of the electric motor. *It is power---power broken up into several thousand impulses every minute, following one another with such rapidity as to become as one unbroken impulse.*

Six cylinders give great power *without* great weight or vibration, there is *less work* for each cylinder, longer life, less repairs, and they give an enormous *reserve power* ready for instant use.

The Bank that has only enough cash for its daily requirements is unsafe—the car with only enough power for ordinary use falls down in an emergency.



Model N

\$500 Ford Runabout

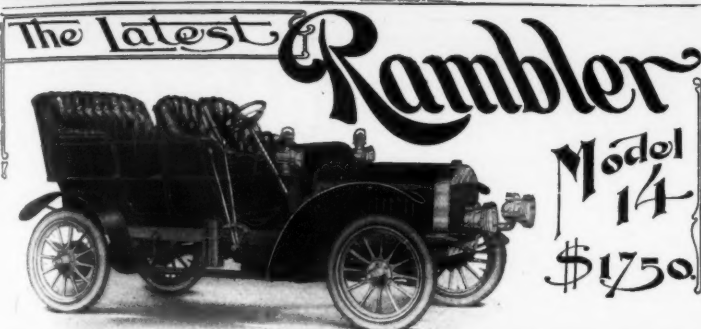
4-cylinders vertical, 15 H.P. 84 in. Wheel Base. Speed 40 miles. Weight 800 pounds

Write for full description of this car and also for the famous
\$500.00 Four Cylinder Ford Runabout.

FORD MOTOR CO.

DETROIT, MICH.

Canadian Trade Supplied by the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ontario. Member American Motor Car Manufacturers Association, Chicago.



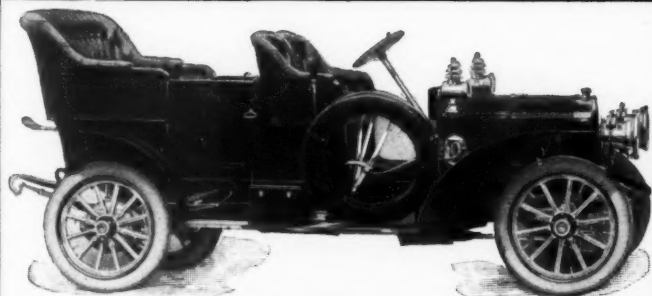
The Faultless Car.

THERE is a system of careful and consistent development, followed by rigid tests under most severe conditions, that is peculiar to the Rambler factory. The result is that nothing is presented to the public in an untried or experimental state.

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis. U. S. A.
Branches:

Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.
New York Agency, 134 West 38th St. Representatives in all leading cities.

Thos. B. Jeffery & Co.



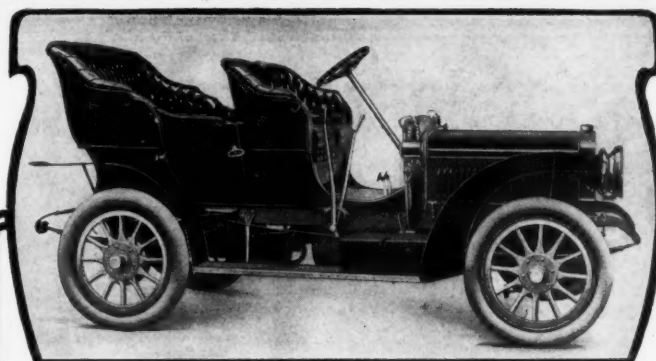
The constant development of a single type of car year after year has enabled the Packard Company to work out methods, machines and special appliances to make every detail of that car better than it has ever been made before and better than it could possibly be made under any other conditions.

Packard Motor Car Co., Dept. G

Member Association
Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Detroit, Mich.

New York Branch
1640 Broadway



MODEL H

30 h. p. Touring Car, \$2,500, f. o. b. Detroit (not including lamps)

Four-Cylinder Perfection

It is *concentration of effort* that has made the Cadillac what it is. For five years its makers—the master designers and motor builders of America—have focused their endeavors upon a single object—to produce a faultless motor car. A consummation of these efforts is found in the magnificent line of 1906 cars, notable among which are the four-cylinder types. These models embody every point of excellence thus far found in any of the high-priced cars, either of American or foreign make. When you remember the remarkable efficiency of the famous Cadillac single-cylinder engine, and consider this same principle embodied in quadruple form, you will gain a slight idea of the serviceableness of these powerful four-cylinder models of the

CADILLAC

Among the many improvements is an automatic governor which limits the speed of the engine when the latter is disconnected, eliminating vibration and saving much fuel and energy. Another is the mechanically operated oil feed (found on all Cadillac models) which supplies oil to the engine in accordance with its speed, keeping it always in a state of perfect lubrication. Transmission is of the exclusive Cadillac planetary type with specially cut and hardened gears. The bodies are of unusual elegance, and luxuriously appointed. Wheel base of Model H (30 h. p.) 100 inches; Model L (40 h. p.) 110 inches. Practically noiseless; comfortable and easy-riding as a Pullman coach.

Let us send address of nearest dealer and our finely illustrated catalog R, which will tell you more about the 1906 Cadillacs. A car to suit any purse, any requirement.

Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout, \$750. Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car, \$2,500
Model M, Light Touring Car, \$950. Model L, 40 h. p. Touring Car, \$3,750

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.

Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

Stoddard-Dayton

(MODEL D)

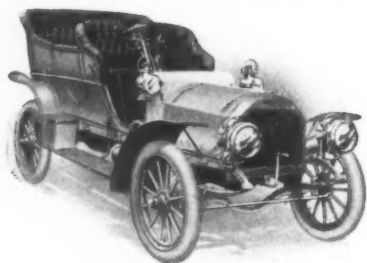
A PERFECT power plant swung lightly but securely in a frame of hot-rolled, high carbon, pressed steel so re-enforced that tremendous weight will not deflect it. Roller bearings everywhere, running in a constant bath of oil.

Control-absolute**Comfort-princely**

The Stoddard-Dayton, Model D, 5-passenger Touring Car has a special type of $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ in. 4-cylinder motor; water-cooled; frame of hot-rolled, high carbon, pressed steel; sliding gear transmission; three speeds and reverse—**selective type**, can change from high to intermediate, or vice versa, at speed of 25 miles, without clashing or noise, up hill or down; practically noiseless; entire transmission on roller bearings; mechanical lubrication; 30-35 horse-power. Proportion of power to weight, one horse-power to every sixty pounds. \$2250.

Send for our 1906 book B—It's FREE

THE DAYTON MOTOR CAR CO., Dayton, Ohio

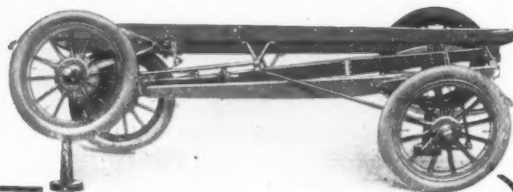


"As good as it looks"

THE MARMON

"A Mechanical Masterpiece"

Front Wheel
and opposite
Rear Wheel
each raised
over a foot.
Not a strain
anywhere.



ROAD STRAIN.

Can you conceive a more severe twist and strain on automobile mechanism than is shown here?

The Marmon is the only car that is not strained or injured by this test or by similar conditions which all country roads present. It is the only car with flexible running gear. No matter what wheels are raised or lowered, each wheel still shares its proportion of the weight, and the power plant, rigid driving shaft (without universal couplings) and rear axle are maintained in perfect alignment. This means perfect transmission of power.

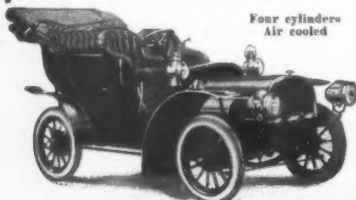
Whether the road be rough or smooth, the Marmon owner experiences a luxury of motion that is impossible in any other car.

This flexibility is chiefly due to an exclusive patented feature,

DOUBLE THREE POINT SUSPENSION.

Luxurious solid cast aluminum body on one frame, power plant on another frame, each frame suspended on three pivotal points. Eliminates binding and twisting strains; means simple, durable construction; and greatly prolongs the life of tires.

The Marmon has the one unailing oiling system, unique in its simplicity and economy. One gallon suffices for 600 to 1000 miles.



Four cylinders
Air cooled

Carefully constructed, quiet and stylish in appearance. Write for Booklet L.

Model C, 24 H. P. . . \$2,500.

Model D, 30 H. P. . . \$3,000.

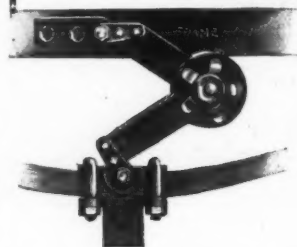
NORDYKE & MARMON CO.

(Estab. 1851.) Indianapolis, Ind.

IMPROVED TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBER

TRADE MARK

An Automobile Necessity



Makes your car ride like a rocking-chair.

Increases the speed and prevents lost traction.

Obviates the necessity of slowing down for obstructions.

Absolutely prevents breaking of springs.

New model absolutely self-adjusting.

Requires no attention after application.

Adopted by the Pierce Great Arrow, Locomobile, Matheson, Richard-Brasier, Peugeot, Napier, Gobron-Brillié.

Cars under 1500 lbs. \$40 (four suspensions). Cars over 1500 lbs. \$60 (four suspensions).

WARNING

Made under Fundamental Patents covering broadly All Frictional Retarding Devices for vehicle springs. We warn the public against being misled by devices which are either infringements on our patents or are based on principles which we have discarded.

HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY,

E. V. Hartford, Pres.

67 Vestry Street, New York.

WE ARE THE SOLE AMERICAN AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED

GOBRON-BRILLIÉ,

"THE FINEST AUTOMOBILE IN THE WORLD"



"UNCLE JACK, WHAT IS IT THE MEN PLAY, WHEN ONE TAKES A LONG POLE, RUBS SOME CHALK ON THE END OF IT, FOKES A WHITE BALL AROUND THE TABLE, AND THEN HISTS UP ONE LEG AND SAYS 'I'AMN'?"



JUST SUPPOSE !

WHEN ADAM NAMED THE ANIMALS,
SUPPOSE HE'D CALLED THEM WRONG,
AND GIVEN NAMES TO SOME TO WHOM
THOSE NAMES DID NOT BELONG !



OUR factory buildings and equipment, materials and processes, are unapproached in the entire American automobile industry and in many essentials Columbia Gasolene Cars for 1906 are a full year in advance of all others. This is not mere assertion. Make the comparison yourself. In no other cars will you find crankshafts machined cold from a solid block of metal and chrome-nickel steel transmission shafts, jack-shafts, gears, etc., nor the I-beam front axle forged in one continuous piece. In no others will you find the same perfection of body designs, beauty of color schemes and painstaking details of finish. Mark XLVII, four cylinders, 40-45 h. p., double chain drive, price \$4500 to \$5500 according to body, is the accepted ideal of the American high-powered car. Mark XLVI, four cylinders, 28 h. p., shaft-drive, price \$3000, is unequalled among medium-powered four-cylinder cars. Mark XLIV-2, two opposed cylinders, 18 h. p., shaft drive, price \$1750, we offer as the highest grade two-cylinder car in the market.

Separate Catalogues of Columbia Gasolene Cars, Columbia Electric Carriages and Columbia Electric Commercial Vehicles will be mailed on request; also, special illustrated booklets; "Columbia Chrome-nickel Steel," "Fashioning a Crankshaft," "Consistent Differences in Columbia Cars," "Transmission, Etc."

Electric Vehicle Company, HARTFORD, CONN.

New York Branch: 134-136-138 West 39th St. Chicago Branch: 1332-1334 Michigan Ave.
Boston: Columbia Motor Vehicle Co., 74-76-78 Stanhope Street. Philadelphia: Pennsylvania
Electric Vehicle Co., 250 North Broad Street. Washington: Washington E. V. Trans-
portation Co., 15th Street and Ohio Ave.

Member Association Licensed Auto. Mfrs.



**A Great
Fast Tire**

PENNSYLVANIA

CLINCHER=RACING TYPE

*We Allow 20%
on Old Tires*

Send for particulars
of our

\$1,000

**Tire Economy
Competition**

and save tire expense



**PENNSYLVANIA
RUBBER COMPANY**

JEANNETTE, PA.

NEW YORK: 1665 Broadway
PHILADELPHIA:
615 N. Broad Street
BOSTON: 167 Oliver Street
CHICAGO: 166 Lake Street
LONDON: 4 Snow Hill



Peerless

If we took only one point of construction at a time to show you wherein

Peerless Direct Drive Motor Cars

absolutely excel every other high-grade American and foreign car on the market and described that point intelligently in a magazine advertisement, it would take us so many months to enumerate them all that you might never get to the last one. So instead, we ask you to

Send for Our 1906 Catalogue

It illustrates and explains the Peerless features, and gives you all the points of superiority you could ask. Better still, see the car, examine it yourself, and compare it with every other car made. Then you'll know. To that end, we will gladly send you, with the catalogue, a letter of introduction to the Peerless dealer nearest you.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CO., 40 Lisbon St., Cleveland, Ohio
Member A. L. A. M.

"NESTOR"
(Nestor Gianacis, Cairo and Boston.)

CIGARETTES Per Package of Ten **25¢**

are the pioneers of Egyptian Cigarettes—still inimitable in their true Oriental delicacy. Also in tins of 50 and 100.

Sold by all Clubs, Hotels and Prominent Dealers, if unprocurable, write us.

NESTOR GIANACIS CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

Upholding Rights of Criticism.

CRITIC METCALFE'S victory over the Theatrical Trust in New York, where it had attempted to bar him from forty-seven theatres because of his fearless censure of some manifestly inferior productions, is a kind of moral triumph.

"It is true," says the court in deciding for Metcalfe, "that a theatrical manager owes no duty to the public to give performances. He may even refuse to sell tickets to some applicants, while freely disposing of them to others, providing such discrimination is not on account of race, color, etc.; but, conceding him these rights, they cannot be held to excuse agreements between a number of managers to the prejudice of an individual or class of individuals."

We need the critic, if he is a fair critic. Criticism does not necessarily involve censure, but it does involve discrimination, and the public, to which the theatrical enterprise is addressed presumably on its merits, is entitled to the discriminating opinion of a writer who has proved himself a fair guide.

In these days of musical comedy, some of which is very excellent and much of which is otherwise, the critic is more than ever a convenience, if not a necessity. In New York, and in other large cities correspondingly, where a number of attractions of the same class are on view, the critic's service is indispensable to the theatre-going population of particular taste.

Mr. Metcalfe himself recently summed up the musical comedy situation in a few telling sentences, to the effect that very few producing managers are possessed of the discernment to judge a combination of music and humorous text, with the result that the public has had to endure a long succession of these productions in which either the score was bad or the book was stupid, or both together were worse than either, and that when we add to this that there is rarely born a true comic-opera comedian we have some explanation of the public's increasing weariness of the numerous monotonous entertainments produced under the various names which have been invented to disguise the same old dose. Even the chorus girl is not what she used to be, and the pink tights of to-day's chorus girl often cover up or expose only the charms of yesterday's chambermaid.

Certain it is that musical comedy is the theatrical piece de resistance, the mainstay of the present, and when a good one comes along we ought to have something more than billboards to proclaim the fact to discerning tastes. That comic opera is still an agreeable thing when well conceived and well presented, even in these days of the tired feeling due to too much of the inferior article, is manifest enough, but the difference between the "good shows" and the poor ones is greater than ever. Fair reviews should disclose that difference in musical productions and every other kind, for the public's sake. The theatrical business is not run in the interest of the public, but it is a matter of considerable importance to the public from more than one standpoint. Incontestably the public has the right either to go or stay away as it pleases, and the right to know what critics think about a performance. That the courts will protect the rights of both public and critic is good to perceive.—*St. Louis Republic*.

Shakespeare on Insurance.

I HAVE heard you say honor and policy.
—Measure for Measure.
Plague of your policy,
The policy of those crafty, swearing rascals.
—Troilus and Cressida.

The policy grows into ill opinion.
—Henry VIII.
Men and men's fortunes I could frankly use.
—Timon of Athens.

Did not my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
—Henry VI.

Or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do.
—Hamlet.

Of Albany's powers heard you not?
Tis so, they are afoot,
Seal up your lips and give no word but mum.
—King Lear.

Believe me not; yet I lie not; I confess nothing,
nor I deny nothing.
—Much Ado About Nothing.

Heart-sorrowing peers
That bear this Mutual load of moan.
—Richard III.

There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be covered
With Mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall.
—King Lear.
—Duluth News-Tribune.

Conversation of the Game.

1. Before the kick-off the Dealer shall first ask, "May I play?" His opponent shall then answer, "Play, please," or in the case of a minor game merely "Please."
2. If the quarterback is unable to play, he should lay his hand on the ground and say, "I pass." His substitute must then announce the signal.
3. When making a touchdown say, "I go over."
4. When penalized by the referee, "I go back."
5. When dodging an opponent, "I double" or "Chicane."
6. When disabled, "Enough," "I am satisfied," or merely rap on the ground.
7. When disabled by a fellow-player, "Have you no heart, partner?"

METHOD OF SCORING.

1. A Little Slam counts 20 points.
2. A Grand Slam counts 40 points.
3. A Grand Slam with a strong hand counts a knock-out.

IN GENERAL.

1. Any one grand-slamming the dummy shall be disqualified.
2. No team shall play a rubber or other professional.—Harvard Lampoon.

GOLFERS should take YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE at luncheon and supper. It builds up.—Ad.

FRANKLIN

If you want to carry five people faster and safer and with more comfort than anyone else can carry them on American roads, you want this Type D.

The point is this—The real power of the motor is out of all proportion to its rating; and is continuous; unhampered by overweight and can *always be safely and comfortably used.*

The Franklin auxiliary exhaust cools the cylinders so perfectly that the engine never overheats. Having no plumbing apparatus to carry; the design being simple; and the construction including so large a proportion of nickel-steel, aluminum, and other strong but light materials—the car weighs some five hundred pounds less than any water-cooled car of equal power; while the pliant Franklin frame-construction and elastic suspension prevents the jarring and jolting which

uses up power and injures the car and the passengers. Consequently the rated speed is actual road speed; it is maintained under full load without loss of power; and is not defeated by poor and hilly roads.

The full motor efficiency is always at hand, and always available; which gives the car greater ability under all circumstances than any other "30 horsepower" car; and equal ability on American roads with any car of any power or price.

Type D is big in passenger-capacity; big in power, speed and strength—big in everything except useless weight and extravagant running expense.

Its light weight saves fuel; and saves tires tremendously. It never freezes; works all through the winter; does more for the price than any other car; and vastly more for the ultimate cost.

In luxury of appointments and refined beauty of design it satisfies the most exacting taste.

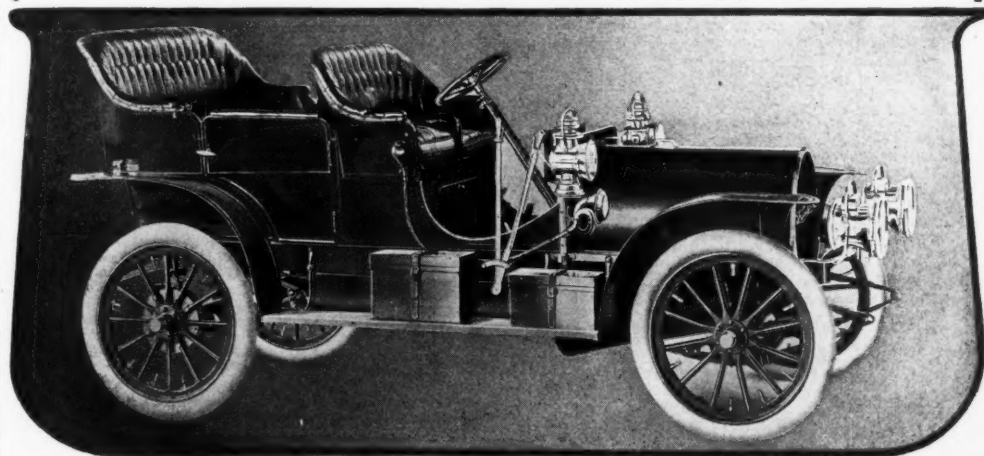
Four-cylinder Runabout \$1400. Four-cylinder Touring Car \$2800.
Four-cylinder Light Touring Car \$1800. Six-cylinder Touring Car \$4000.

Prices f. o. b. Syracuse, N. Y.

Write for the handsomest and clearest of all motor books.

H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y., M.A.L.A.M.

Type D. Four-cylinder Touring-car. 5 passengers. Air-cooled motor. 3-speed sliding gear transmission. 20 "Franklin horse-power." Disc clutch. Force-feed oiler on dash. 100-inch wheel base. 1800 pounds. 45 miles per hour. Full head- and tail-light equipment. \$2800.



ABBOTT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS

Make the best cocktail. A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A tablespoonful in an ounce of sherry or sweetened water after meals, affords relief and aids digestion.

Important to see that it is Abbott's.

· LIFE

REO

Honest Power
Honest Price



REO Touring Car, 16 h. p.
1,600 pounds, 90-inch wheel
base, 6 passengers, side-
door detachable tonneau. Speed 35 miles per hour. \$1,200.

is not "faked" in that way. It is obtained by an actual ten-hour dynamo test. It is accurate; it is honest; and, above all, it is thoroughly proven by unquestioned performance.

Those were REO cars that captured five out of seven prizes in the National six-day economy test.

It was a REO that broke the middle-weight speed record on the Syracuse race track—a REO that lowered its class record 23 minutes in the "Climb to the Clouds" up Mount Washington, and a REO that won three cups in one day on Paddock Hill, Cincinnati—beating all twenty competitors; eight of them having nearly double its rating and price.

Write for the REO book that tells why.

REO Four-seat Runabout, 8 h. p., 1,000 pounds, 25 miles per hour. With folding seat to carry a extra passengers. \$675.

REO-GRAPH showing the inside of a typical motor in actual moving operation, sent to you for six cents in stamps addressed to Dept. 35.

REO Motor Car Co., R. E. Olds, President
SALES DEPARTMENT, LANSING, MICH.
R. M. Owen, Mgr.

Agencies throughout the United States.

HE: There is a certain young lady deeply interested in me, and while I like her, you know, still I never could love her. I want to put an end to it without breaking the poor girl's heart. Can you suggest any plan?

SHE: Do you call there often?

"No, indeed; not any oftener than I can possibly help."

"Call oftener."

—Exchange.

THE danger of sending telegrams is shown in the following story: A member of Parliament was to have made a speech at Derby, and being unable to do so because the heavy rains had destroyed the branch railway sent a telegram as follows: "Cannot come; wash out on line." In a few hours the reply came: "Never mind; borrow a shirt."

—New York Tribune.



This is the Wayne Model "F" a 50 H. P. 7 passenger car at \$3500.00 built solely for touring purposes. The enormous power of this engine is transmitted to the rear wheels with practically no loss. Hess-Bright ball bearings are used throughout and the man who appreciates the need of reserve power is always sure to find it in Wayne Model "F".

We also make two other 4 Cylinder cars Model "K" 35 H. P., \$2500. Model "B" 24-28 H. P., \$2000; also Model "C" 20 H. P. 2 Cylinder opposed Tonneau car \$1250 and Model "H" 14 H. P. shaft drive Runabout with double opposed motor under the hood, \$800.

Call at our nearest Agency or write us for full particulars about our cars.

Wayne Automobile Co.,

Dept. E.

Detroit, Mich.

The GOODYEAR DETACHABLE AUTO TIRE

Does Away With TIRE TROUBLES

You have found that 90% of Auto troubles are TIRE TROUBLES, haven't you?

Well, here's an Auto Tire (The Goodyear Detachable on Universal Rim) that cuts out 90% of all Tire Troubles at ONE SWEEP.

That's a fact and WE CAN PROVE IT.

This tire is almost as durable as a solid tire, yet so resilient and easy to ride that it conveys a new idea of what a Pneumatic Tire should be.

It won't Rim Cut even though you ride it for miles at a high speed over granite pavements.

It won't creep or come off the rim when ridden deflated, though not mechanically fastened to the rim in any way.

It is 90% Puncture Proof and if it should puncture you can remove the tire or put it back in THIRTY SECONDS with no tools but the hands.

These are General Statements, but we can PROVE them. Give us just five minutes of your time at any of our BRANCH STORES and we'll show you there that every statement we have made is Gospel Truth.

Or if you are not near a branch write us and we'll send you a book that will show you.

Don't insist upon this trouble-saving tire and rim being put on your new car until you are CONVINCED, but if you are tired of tire troubles give us a chance to convince you. WE CAN DO IT.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Wayne St., Akron, O.

Branches in the following cities: Boston, 6 Merrimack St.; New York, cor. 64th St. and Broadway; Chicago, 110 Lake St.; Cincinnati, 242 East Fifth St.; St. Louis, 712-714 Morgan St.; Philadelphia, 1521 Spring St.; San Francisco, Geo. P. Moore & Co., 596 Golden Gate Ave.; Buffalo, 719 Main St.; Denver, 220 Sixteenth St.; Detroit, 242 Jefferson Ave.

Balley "Won't Slip" Tread
Furnished on Goodyear Tires (all sizes) when ordered.

Yes or No.

"MY good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable to the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the motor car was coming down on the right side and the dog cart was trying to pass the motor car, you saw the plaintiff between the carriage and the dog cart, or the motor car and the dog cart, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the carriage, dog cart and motor car, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively, or how it was."—Illustrated Bits.

A FRIEND of Maurice Barrymore relates an incident of his last meeting with the brilliant actor, which occurred only a short time before his faculties began to fail. As they were parting, the newspaper man asked the other: "Where are you to be found nowadays—at the Players?"

"No," replied Barrymore; "I'm posted at the Players, but you can always find me at the Lambs. As a matter of fact," he added, whimsically, "I'm posted at the Lambs, too, but they temper the wind there."—Argonaut.

A YOUNG Irish lady one day entered a railway carriage where three Englishmen were seated. When the train had started, and was about half a mile out of the station, the three travelers began talking about the Irish, when one of them was heard to say: "Why, the Irish sleep with the pigs."

"Yes," interrupted the young lady, "and travel with them, too."—Kansas City Independent.

An Indian's Love For His Dog.

COLONEL HOLDEN of the Fort Gibson Post, who sympathizes with everybody in hard luck, printed this letter from Richard Benge, a Cherokee, whose pack of trail hounds has often made music among the Fort Gibson hills: "Will you please let me have a small space in your paper? I won't write much. I just want to tell you old 'Drum,' my good old dog, is dead. He died of I don't know what—only he just got sick and died. Poor old Drum is dead and gone where all good dogs go. I feel sorter lonesome since old Drum died, for I've only old Spot and Mues left. Old Drum was the best. When he barked, you knowed it was a 'possum or a coon. Old Spot is all right, but he won't bark, just wags his tail."—*Kansas City Journal*.

His Reason.

IN a little village there once lived a boy who was supposed to be dull-witted, and the men of the village used to find great fun in offering him the choice between a threepennybit and a penny, of which he invariably chose the latter. A stranger one day saw him choose the penny rather than the threepennybit and asked him for the reason. "Is it because the penny is the biggest?" the stranger asked.

"Naw, not 'cause it is the biggest. If I took the threepennybit they'd gi'e o'er off'rin' it."—*The Tatler*.

SANDERSON'S "MOUNTAIN DEW" SCOTCH

is a pot-still whisky.

☐ It is made in a pot still, a little at a time.

☐ It is distilled from the finest Highland malt dried over aromatic peats.

☐ Then it is aged for at least 7 years.

☐ That's why it's *always* the same—always mellow—always pure.



Avoid a Trip to the Police Court

The fine amounts to little—it's the hours of delay, the inconvenience and possible humiliation for you and for those in your company that try the patience and spoil the pleasure of the whole trip.

All this can positively be avoided by equipping your car with

The Warner Auto-Meter

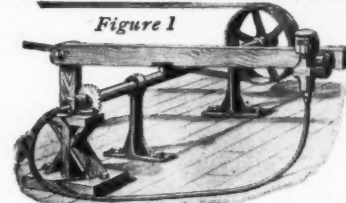
(Registers Speed and Distance)

This little instrument always tells the truth. It registers with ABSOLUTE ACCURACY from 1/4 mile to 60 miles per hour. It attaches to any Automobile made.

One Warner Auto-Meter will last a lifetime. It is as sensitive as a Compass and as Solid as a Rock. Otherwise it couldn't stand our severe service-test, which is equivalent to a trip of

160,000 Miles at 50 Miles per Hour on Granite Pavements Riding Solid Tires. The practical Warner Testing Machine is shown in Fig. 1. The wheel connection of the Auto-Meter is attached to a shaft running

Figure 1



200 revolutions per minute. Across this shaft lies a plank which is hinged at one end and has the Auto-Meter attached to the other. Brazed to the shaft is a knob of steel, which at every revolution "bumps" the plank, giving to the Auto-Meter 200 shocks per minute while it is showing a speed of 50 miles per hour.

Each one of these shocks is more severe than would be suffered in an entire season's riding. After running 10 hours a day for THREE MONTHS, actual tests show the Auto-Meter to be recording the speed with the same accuracy as at first within 1-1000 of 1%, or less than 6 inches per mile.

No other Speed Indicator on Earth could Stand this Test.

This is why we sell each Auto-Meter on a 10 YEARS GUARANTEE

and why we gladly renew any Auto-Meter (which has not been injured by accident) if the Magnet (the HEART of the instrument) is less accurate than 1-10 of 1% after 10 years use.

We will gladly tell you more about this wonderful instrument if you will write us. If you write TODAY we will send you something every motorist will prize—our Free Book—"Auto Pointers."

The Warner Instrument Co., 102 Roosevelt St., Beloit, Wis.

(The Auto-Meter is on sale by all first-class dealers and at most Garages.)

The Reason.

A TEACHER in a public school of Boston once had great difficulty in imparting to a boy pupil of ten certain elementary principles of grammar. In class one day the instructor experienced more than the usual amount of trouble with the lad. In desperation, the teacher finally blurted out the question: "At least, you can tell me why we study grammar?" "Yes, ma'am," returned the pupil, "we study grammar so that we can laugh at the mistakes of others."—*Harper's Weekly*.

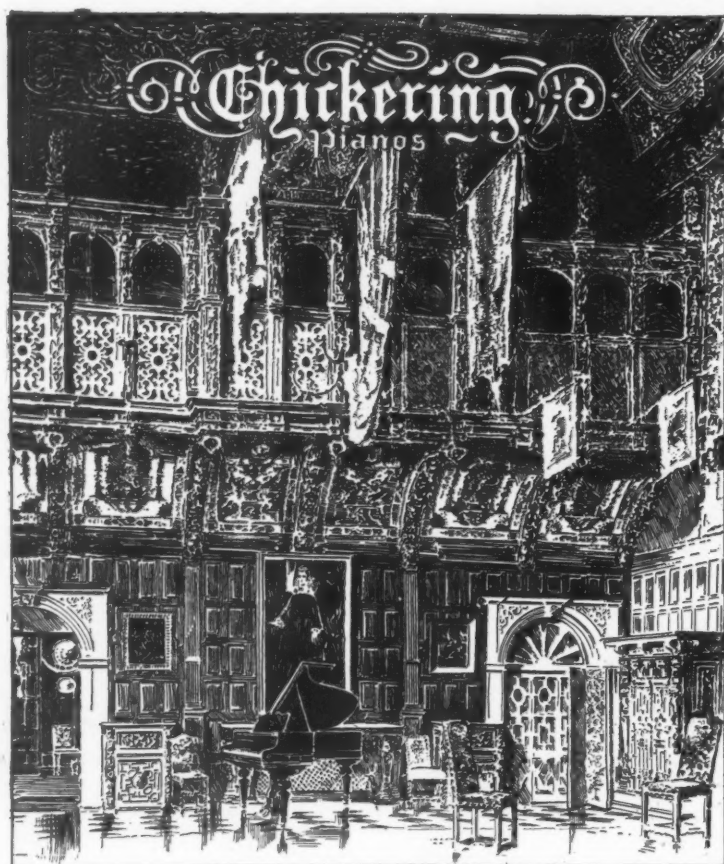
The Favorite Dish.

ASCUM. Some of our every-day expressions puzzle me greatly. For instance, what does "apple-pie order" mean, anyway.

NEWITT: H'm! Sounds like a Bostonian's breakfast.—*Philadelphia Press*.

JOHNNIE: Papa, a man who has a wife too many is a bigamist, is he not?

PAPA (thoughtfully): Not always.—*Fl. Blätter*.



IT is the beautiful tone of these instruments that has given them world-wide celebrity. This, with durability, insured by the highest quality of workmanship and finish, leads the purchaser to pay cheerfully the somewhat higher price asked for them.

Catalogue
Free

CHICKERING & SONS

Established
1823

796 Tremont Street, Boston

The perfect cracker
for the
perfect dinner

Boss' Medium Hard Water Cracker

at
Park & Tilford's
Acker Merrall & Condit Co's
and all leading grocers

WHEN MANICURING
POLISH WITH

CALDER'S
25¢ 25¢
NAIL-POLISH TABLET

AN ABSOLUTELY NON-INJURIOUS NAIL POLISH IN
TABLET FORM.

AT THE SHOPS. A SAMPLE BY MAIL 10 CENTS.

PREPARED BY
ALBERT L. CALDER CO.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
MANUFACTURERS OF CALDER'S DENTINE.

A Deceptive Attitude.

EVERYONE knows how quickly gossip spreads. Sometimes there is a small kernel of truth which is speedily enveloped in a thick wrapper of conjecture, but in many cases there is no kernel at all.

"They say your brother-in-law is sort of—of—eccentric," said one of Mrs. Manser's friends. She had begun her sentence briskly enough, but as usual her courage had waned at a glance from Mrs. Manser's steel-gray eyes.

"Do they, indeed?" said Mrs. Manser, stiffly. "What do they base such stories on, I should like to be told?"

"I understood his actions were queer," said the caller, faintly.

"It all comes from Nathan Waite's bringing me that express package," said Mrs. Manser, scornfully. "I knew well there'd be a ball of talk roll up! He waited for his change in the front hall, and that's the only place in the house long enough for Sam to take his exercises in."

"Sam's an independent man, and it's his own house, and if an expressman happens to ring the bell when Sam's in the middle of his exercises, he keeps right on."

"You tell Nathan Waite from me that just because he sees a man in a red and black gymnasium suit lying on his back in his own front hall with his legs in the air he needn't go and spread the word that the man's eccentric. He's too smart by far, Nathan is!"—*Youth's Companion*.



A MADMAN ROVE THE WILD, WILD MAIN.
HE DROVE AND DROVE HIS CRAZY CRAFT
ACROSS A CRAZY SEA.
THE MOON, IT TOO BECAME INSANE—
YEA! MAN, MOON, BOAT AND SEA GONE DAFT,
AN INSANE SCENE TO SEE.

A WELL-KNOWN artist was once engaged upon a sacred picture. A very handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark. Artist and model became great friends, but when the picture was finished, they lost sight of one another. One day, however, the artist, wandering about the Zoological Gardens, came upon his old model, with a broom in his hand, looking very disconsolate. "Hullo, Smith," said he, "you don't look very cheery. What are you doing now?"

"Well, I ain't doin' much, sir, and that's a fact. I'm engaged in these ere gardens-a-cleanin' hout the hehephants' stables; a nice occypation for one o' the twelve apostles, ain't it, sir?"—*Argonaut*.

These Explanations.

SENATOR FORAKER, at a dinner in Washington, quoted with a laugh an extravagant and incredible statement that he had read in a magazine. When someone attempted to explain, he said:

"The thing is preposterous, and all the explanations in the world won't alter its preposterousness. These explainers. They are never at a loss, are they? They remind me of old James Scarlett, of Rainsboro.

"There was nothing which James Scarlett, of Rainsboro, could not explain.

"One winter night he was reading a volume of the Seaside Library to his family gathered about the fireside. With his spectacles on his nose he droned along like this:

"Gwendolen de Vere Hastings lowered her limpid blue eyes, and Lord Algernon Mannerling took her slim white hands in his, and crushed her to him in a passionate embrace.

"At that moment, 5 minutes past 12 sounded from the castle belfry, and"—

"But here young Miss Scarlett interrupted. 'No clock could strike 5 minutes past 12,' she said.

"'Certainly it could,' James snorted. 'It was five minutes slow.'"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.



THE WIDOW'S MIGHT.

Nature's Poor Imitation.

WHEN David Belasco was rehearsing Mrs. Carter in "Adrea," he instructed the stage manager to give him a clap of thunder which would shake the theatre. It so happened that at the time an electric storm was raging without, and that, at the very moment when a flash of stage lightning illuminated the setting, a crash of genuine thunder awoke the echoes of the theatre. From the back of the house Mr. Belasco called out:

"I don't think much of that! Try it again!"

"But," grinned the stage manager, coming down to the footlights, "that was the real thing!"

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Belasco; "it may be good enough for Nature, but it's not realistic enough for my stage."—Saturday Evening Post.

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR



A
Triumph
in
Sugar
Making!

Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

IMAGINATION COULD NOT CONCEIVE OF A HANDIER AND PRETTIER FORM THAN IS PRESENTED IN "CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR." NEITHER COULD THE MOST PARTICULAR PEOPLE ASK FOR MORE PERFECT PURITY OR ECONOMICAL PEOPLE FOR LESS WASTE.

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD.

BEST SUGAR FOR TEA AND COFFEE.

By grocers everywhere.

COIFFURES POUR DAMES

Hair Dressing
Marcel Waving
Shampooing
Manicuring
Hair Coloring
Scalp Treatment
Facial Massage

J. ANDRE

13 WEST 29TH
NEW YORK

Wig-Toupees
Pompadours
Transformation
Toilet-Articles
Shell Ornaments
Fleurs-Plumes
Parures

THIRTY TOURS TO EUROPE TWO TO JAPAN

under superior management; exceptional advantages. Fall
Tours Around the World; Annual Oriental Cruise Feb. 8.
Program W. Free. Frank C. Clark, 86 Broadway, New York.

Briarcliff Manor, New York POCANTICO LODGE

Open throughout the Year

Doubled in capacity, generously equipped and conducted, convenient of access, and a center of many open-air attractions. GEORGE W. TUTTLE, Manager.

BRIARCLIFF LODGE

will open June 1 for a six-months' season, ending December 1
D. B. PLUMER, Gen. Mgr. Hotel and Realty Interests

Bookings now making for either house, at Pocantico Lodge, Briarcliff Home Office, or New York Office. Windsor Arcade, 5th Avenue and 46th St., where E. S. Comstock is in daily attendance, from 9.30 to 1.30.

All over Europe, from the most exclusive and luxurious hotels and cafes to the one herewith illustrated.

MELACHRINO EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES

are offered to their patrons as the acme of perfection in cigarettes.

Among those supplied by appointment are

H. R. H. The Duke of Connaught
H. R. H. Prince Henry of Prussia
The Italian Government
The R. H. Lord Kitchener
H. E. The Governor of Bombay
The Khedivial Family
The Khedivial Club
The Austrian Government
The Hungarian Government

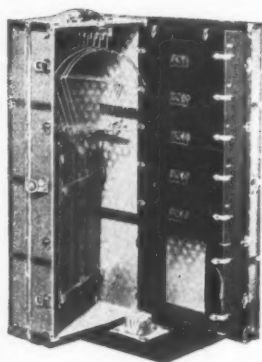
as well as 360 Regimental Messes in the British Service, and most town and country clubs in Europe and the Orient.

This hitherto European luxury may now be secured by American smokers at the leading hotels, cafes and dealers.

M. MELACHRINO & CO., 8 West 29th Street, New York City.



The A. B. C. of Traveling



A place for everything—everything in its place, where you can get at it without trouble.

The A. B. C. Wardrobe Trunk is the most practical trunk of its kind made. It does away with unpacking when you arrive and packing up when you leave—your clothes hang up just as they do in your wardrobe at home—an oak follower keeps them free from wrinkles. When closed, takes up only half the floor space of the ordinary trunk. Price \$35 and up.

Write for our book, "Tips to Travelers," telling you more about the A. B. C. Wardrobe Trunk, and showing you many new and practical articles of traveling equipment manufactured by us.

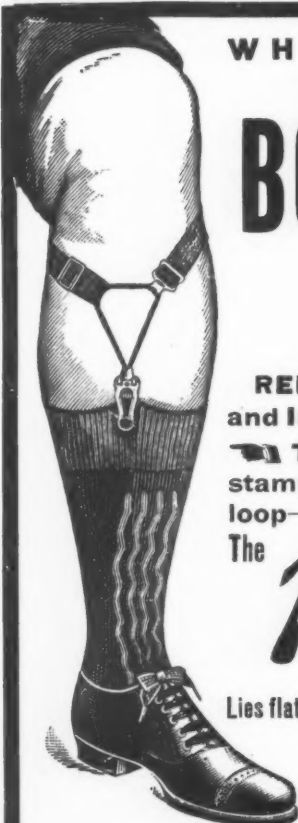
Abel & Bach Company

Largest Makers of Trunks
and Bags in the World

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U. S. A.



Insist upon having this mark on any Trunk, Suit Case or Bag you buy. It is your guarantee of quality, style and durability.



WHEN YOU ASK FOR
THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES
and Insist on Having the Genuine

The Name is
stamped on every
loop—
The

Velvet Grip
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
ALWAYS EASY



COPYRIGHT, 1905
ARMOUR & COMPANY

Pond's Extract Soap

"The Soap that Soothes"

lends to the toilet an entirely new principle in Beauty Culture—not merely the beauty of cleanliness alone, but a positive physical influence on the complexion, on the pores and on the little blood vessels that underlie the skin; an influence that begins at once and that anyone may feel and see. The secret is simply that Pond's Extract Soap helps Nature. It costs you 25 cents. Ask your druggist.

ARMOUR & COMPANY
SOLE LICENSEE FROM POND'S EXTRACT CO.

THE NEW TRI-CHROME

Smith Premier

Typewriter produces black, purple or red
typewriting at the will of the operator.



Black Typewriting

With the lever at this point the machine writes an indelible black, producing documents to be preserved as permanent records.



Purple Typewriting

By moving the lever to this point, purple typewriting is obtained, from which letter press copies may be taken.



Red Typewriting

With the lever like this, red typewriting is secured, making emphasis possible; also indispensable in making out bills and statements.

These three kinds of typewriting, covering every business need, are at the instant command of the operator of the New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier. No changing from one machine to another—no changing of ribbons. Simply a movement of the little lever on the color frame, and the machine is ready for the work required.

All the strong and appealing features of former models are included in the New Tri-Chrome machine. It is better than previous models because this new feature gives it an even greater sphere of usefulness.

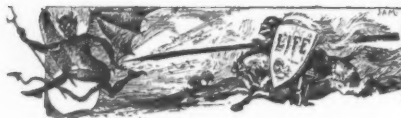


The Smith Premier Typewriter Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Branch Stores Everywhere.

L I F E





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVII. MARCH 1, 1906. No. 1218.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THERE are two opinions about the hospitalities that were shown to the Chinese Commissioners who lately visited us.

One is that it was the part of wisdom as well as of courtesy to welcome these Oriental dignitaries, and make things as pleasant as possible for them, and show them as much of the apparatus of our civilization as they cared to see. It was argued in behalf of this opinion not only that

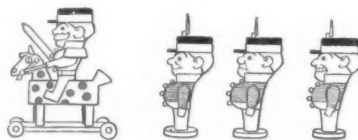
it was our duty as Americans to facilitate the spread of civilization by exhibiting ours to the Commissioners, but that it especially behooved us to make as agreeable an impression on them as we could, because so large a fraction of their countrymen had taken a dislike to us, on too good grounds, and boycotted our goods. The other opinion, set forth in Mr. Brisbane's *Hearst's Evening Journal*, for one place, is that we have been horrible flunkies to be civil to those Commissioners, and that all entertainment of them has simply served the ends of a group of American capitalists who want to see the exclusion laws repealed and the country flooded with Chinese coolies to the impoverishment and debasement of American workingmen.

We think the first opinion is the better one. The sooner China pulls herself together and develops organization enough to take care of herself in this aggressive world, the better it will be for mankind. It is a bad thing to have a huge defenseless thing like China lie exposed to the intrusions of the bumptious and the raids of the rapacious. When the missionaries, who have contributed so much to the awakening of China, and the traders

and other intruders, and the Japanese, have brought China along to a point where she can exact decent behavior from every foreigner within her borders, and decent treatment for every Chinaman away from home who deserves it, all the world will be safer and better behaved for it. A country without a backbone invites insolence and abuse, and it is highly inexpedient that those incidents of conduct should be anywhere encouraged.

We hope to see China strong enough to expel all the missionaries and other foreigners whom she doesn't want, and wise enough to welcome and protect all those, missionaries included, whom she ought to want. To bring her to that condition of efficiency and self-respect is one thing the missionaries have been working for. We have reached that condition already, and there is no visible prospect that we will allow any more Chinese coolies to come into our country than our people find expedient. That we should be more polite and discriminating in our exclusions is desirable, and the boycott on American goods in China shows an effective desire to improve our manners, for which we cannot be too grateful.

We hope the Commissioners had a good time here, and got points about education, cotton spinning, race suicide, stock watering, street railroads, ordnance, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, jury trials and our other institutions, which will be very, very helpful to their country when they get home. There is no use of trying to hide so ambitious a light as ours under a bushel. Better measure it out into candle-powers and let the benighted world have what it wants of it at current rates.

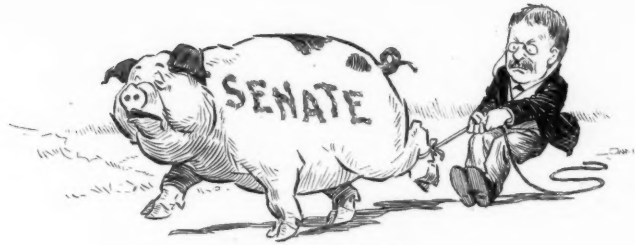


THE pay of army officers is under discussion by correspondents of the *Sun*. The discussion was begun by a writer who pointed out that the present rate of pay was fixed thirty-five years ago, and that the scale of living had advanced so much since then and its cost had increased so

much, that officers' pay no longer sufficed to maintain married men with small families in such simple decency as the Government expected. The older officers with children to educate suffered most, this writer thought, and he held, for example, that \$2,800, the pay of a mounted captain who had served twenty years, was not enough to maintain an officer over forty years old with a wife, and to educate two children.

There is no need of going into details here about what army pay ought to be, or what expenditures the unavoidable cost of uniforms and accoutrements involve. One new expense is incident to the acquisition of the Philippines. Most officers are sent there to serve every five years, and have either to take their families with them or maintain them separately at home, either of which courses calls for embarrassing disbursements. The one fact that the army pay-rate was established thirty-five years ago is a sufficient argument for its readjustment. In that time the price of living, stimulated by the tariff, has about doubled, and salaries fixed thirty-five years ago will not go more than two-thirds as far, at the outside, as they went when they were established. Labor brings far more in this country than it did thirty-five years ago, but people who have fixed incomes suffer. All Government employees—soldiers, sailors, officers, Congressmen, judges, consuls, ambassadors, Cabinet officers and the rest—who are working for pay that was fixed thirty-five years ago, have really had their salaries cut at least one-third. It is a wrong condition of things, and especially hard on the officers of the army and navy, whose service is permanent, and, when long continued, unfits them for success in other occupations.

Of course average pay can never be high in a service where many men are employed, but it should be high enough not only to attract men of the quality such service requires; but to maintain them with good management in such modest comfort that they can meet the social and professional demands that are incident to their calling without being harassed, to the prejudice of their equanimity, by money troubles.



A WANT OF HARMONY.

February



RUSSIA IN LUCK FOR ONCE.



"WHO SHALL CHIDE ME FOR LOVING THE OLD ARM CHAIR."



THE ENGLISH CLERGY IS UNDERPAID.



A DOUBTFUL ALLY.



THE POPE RECEIVES AMERICAN SAILORS.



LAME BUT GAME.

Unavoidably Detained.

(Looking over the Senate chamber the *New York Sun* observes, "Vacant seats will be observable. . . . Kansas, where one seat is nominally held by Burton, recently convicted at St. Louis, and Oregon, where a similar situation exists with respect to the seat of Senator Mitchell.")



A VACANT seat is in the tier
Where Burton used to be ;
He served his Country many a year,
(And now he's serving three.)
Another empty chair ! ah, when
Did Mitchell drop from sight ?
He also served his Countrymen,
(His sentence served him right.)
Ah, shame that honest Senators
By corporations bought
Should do an act the Law abhors !
(It's careless to be caught !)
Is any statesman worth the name
In this delightful vale
Who cannot play a bunco game
Yet keep away from jail ?
For any Judge may be a thief
And every Trust a hog ;
But a Senator must come to grief
Who plays the yellow dog !

And though a high-souled patriot
May rob and do no crime,
May "do" us brown—yet he must not
Be sentenced to "do time."

For high upon the Senate wall
Is writ this Word of Doubt :
"TAKE ALL THAT'S COMING — BUT RECALL
THOU SHALT NOT BE FOUND OUT !"

Wallace Irwin.

Recent.

A NOVELTY in swindle-fashions is a neat little trick of marrying various women in rapid succession, stealing their money and moving on to the next town to repeat the operation. The champion long-distance matrimoniac seems to be Mr. Hoch, who has recently made the confession—or was it a boast?—that he had married thirty-two wives, one at a time. This matter has some picturesque as a purple incident in our dull, gray life; but it has a further value in relation to the much-discussed question of divorce. The preachers almost unanimously maintain that marriage is an indissoluble sacrament, and that it is infamous for man to put asunder whom God hath joined—through His human representatives. The puzzle is to find just what part God had in Mr. Hoch's thirty-two weddings and just where the sacrament stands. Does each of the wives enjoy 1-32d part? And is a sacrament divisible into vulgar fractions?

Historical.

TEACHER : Johnny, who was Joan of Arc ?
JOHNNY : The wife of Noah, who built it.

INSTEAD of acting as a lubricant, Standard Oil seems rather to clog the wheels of Justice.

A Serious Matter.

THE apparent indifference of women, and especially of New York women, to the subject of clothes calls for the friendly intervention of President Roosevelt.

Missionary efforts should at once be put forth in aid of some of our more unfortunate sisters whose strange apathy is so apparent.

We recommend special prayers for them in the churches. Possibly Mr. Rockefeller's Sunday school may start the movement.

Friendly calls should be made upon ladies residing in the vicinity of upper Fifth Avenue with a view to getting them to pay more attention to dress. As a nation our sense of innate modesty is rapidly becoming a misfortune. No effort should be spared to check it.

The men, no doubt, will be very keen to spur on this grand movement. Committees of husbands should be at once organized. A husband circle should meet in every locality where the danger is greatest.

Of course, any woman of any real social instincts is naturally desirous of looking her best. But alas, the fatal spirit of simplicity and economy keeps her down! She is so often clad in a plain, old-fashioned five-hundred-dollar gown, when one for \$750 would be so much more in keeping with her surroundings.

Only by constant prayer and fasting may she hope to strike the right combination of style and color. Look outward, not inward, and lend a purse!

A Precedent.

MR. MORGAN or Mr. Hoe would be unwilling to turn a squad of Columbia professors loose among their literary treasures.—*New York Evening Post*.

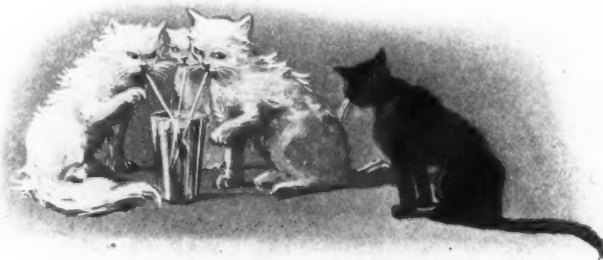
When a certain woman told her husband she expected a party of guests that day, and he thereupon made haste to put away all the umbrellas in the hall, she asked:

"Do you fear my guests will steal your umbrellas?"

And he replied:

"No, that they'll recognize 'em."

IF sentiment remains what it is, the outlook would seem to be that Mr. Roosevelt will have to continue to be President until Buster Brown comes of age.



DRAWING THE COLOR LINE.



A Nuisance.

SOMETHING ought to be done about the snapshot artists whose business it is to gather the pictures that embellish our pictorial journals. They are a comparatively new pest, and society has not yet

worked out the problem of their regulation. That they should be diligent in business accords with the habits of our enterprising people, but their trade is one in which diligence easily merges into impudence and in which excess of zeal is an

intolerable nuisance. A snapshotter lately brought a judicial proceeding to abrupt adjournment by the smoke of his flashlight, and still more lately the President's daughter was mobbed on Fifth Avenue in spite of her remonstrances by importunate picture-makers, to the considerable discredit, it would seem, of General Bingham's police force. Even though nine out of ten of us are indifferent to the rape of our likenesses—or would be if there was occasion—the tenth citizen ought still to be able to claim a fair measure of protection against what he feels to be an intrusion, an impertinence and a violation of his right to privacy.

Johnnie's Prayer.

NOW I lay me down to sleep. I hope my millions I shall keep. Oh! crude petroleum is the stuff that makes the world so hard and rough as smooth and easy as the knowledge that's disseminated from my College. If I should die before I wake, I hope I may my millions take.

Books Received.

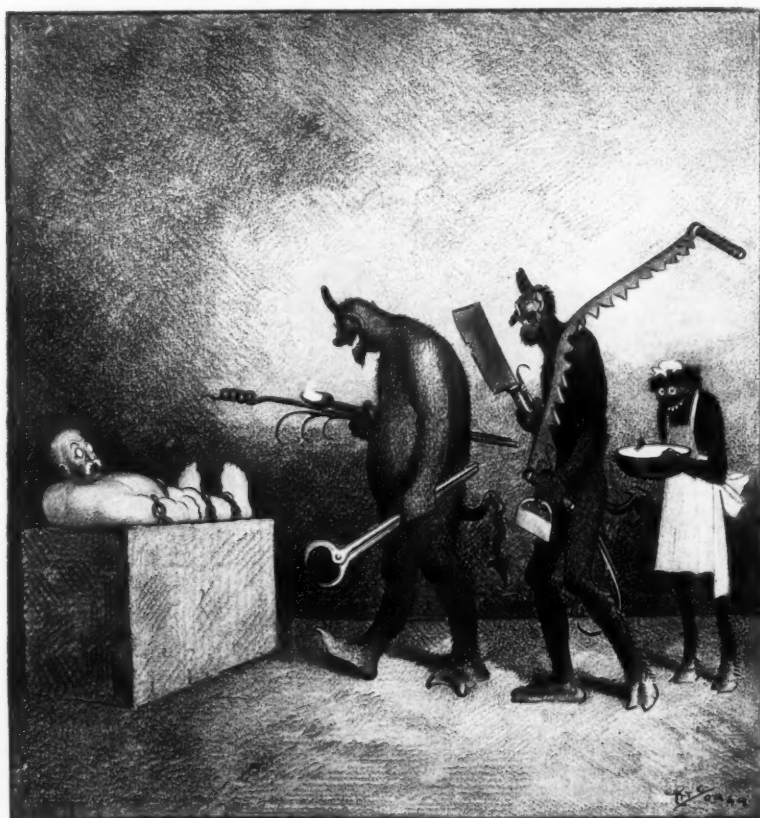
THE DESCENT OF MANN. Edition de luxe. (Collier and Son)

Didn't Pay.

MARY: They issued a hundred and fifty wedding invitations.

JANE: Did they get many valuable presents?

"No—they barely made expenses."



SNAPSHOTS IN HADES.

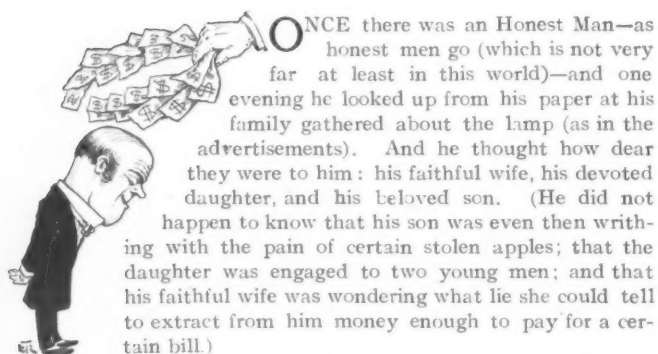
THE DOCTOR WHO IS ALWAYS PERFORMING OPERATIONS.

His First Bridle Trip.



The Continuous Chain of Crime.

A PARABLE FOR TO-DAY.



ONCE there was an Honest Man—as honest men go (which is not very far at least in this world)—and one evening he looked up from his paper at his family gathered about the lamp (as in the advertisements). And he thought how dear they were to him: his faithful wife, his devoted daughter, and his beloved son. (He did not happen to know that his son was even then writhing with the pain of certain stolen apples; that the daughter was engaged to two young men; and that his faithful wife was wondering what lie she could tell to extract from him money enough to pay for a certain bill.)

The Honest Man realized with a sudden start of shame that he carried no insurance policy for the benefit for his dear ones. So, the next morning, he went to the bank (which was about to be exposed by the inspector [unless he were bribed]), and wrote a cheque with a fountain pen (which did not live up to the advertisement, partly because it was made of bad rubber, and alloyed gold, and partly because it was filled with a corrosive ink). The Honest Man handed the cheque to the paying teller (who had stolen several thousand dollars—to lose them on a race-track); and the paying teller paid the Honest Man a sum of money belonging to somebody



else, as the equivalent of the deposits previously made by the Honest Man (from his earnings in the honest



grocery store, where he sold every known form of adulteration and aniline dye-stuff).

The Honest Man paid his cash to an insurance agent (who told him lies about the condition of the company, and promised a "mutual benefit" benefit that would never materialize), and received in return a policy guaranteeing certain very uncertain things.

The Honest Man felt better. He had protected his home. The next evening he read in his paper that this very insurance company had been subjected to rigid examination by a noted lawyer (who had become noted—and rich—by securing the acquittals of men he knew to be guilty of thefts and murders). The lawyer had compelled the president of the insurance company to admit that he and his henchmen and his relatives had used the "sacred funds" for private speculation, and for contribution to the election of an honest political party.

The Honest Man was horrified at the corruption of politics and of insurance companies, and at the unscrupulousness of rich men; and he read with approval the magnificent denunciation, written by the editor (who had gone over from one party to another in return for a higher salary) of the paper (which claimed a perjured circulation, and printed advertisements of fraudulent concerns, notorious quacks, and dangerous drugs).

On the Sabbath the Honest Man went to his church (built with tainted money by an architect who had



THE FIRST VICTIM OF WALL STREET STOCKS.

plagiarized the plan, and a contractor who had overcharged for inferior material). After an inspiring solo by the soprano (who was about to be sued for divorce), the contribution box was passed by a deacon (some of whose real estate was rented for questionable purposes). The Honest Man dropped in the box a dishonest, but not disinfected, dollar. Then an eloquent sermon for public righteousness and private sanctity was delivered by the preacher (who did not believe half he preached, and whose wife—if she had not had her own reasons for keeping quiet—could have told enough about him to get him run out of town).

So goes the world! Indeed, Gentle Reader, excepting You and Me, I doubt if there's a truly honest person alive. And I wouldn't believe You on oath; while, if the truth about me were known, I should probably be lynched.

Rupert Hughes.

The Catechism Revised.

Q. WHAT is your game?

A. *G* or *Gs*.

Q. Who gave you this game?

A. My sponsors in business, wherein I was made a member of the Exchange, a child of Greed, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Graft.

Q. What did your sponsors then for you?

A. They did promise and vow three things in my name: that I should renounce the ticker and all its works, the slumps and panics of this risky whirl, and all the skinful trusts of the Street.

Americanus Sum.



WE learn with considerable joy that the owner of each box in the proposed "National Theatre" is to pay \$100,000 for it, and they are to be the property of the buyers in perpetuity. The holders of these boxes are to be selected by a committee, which is to endeavor to choose people of undoubted social standing.

All depends on the social standing. No theatre will be truly "National" unless backed by such names as Mr. and Mrs. Stilor Nuthin, Miss Chatter-Loud, Mr. and Mrs. Newe Butsolid and Mr. and Mrs. Merger Hogg. The selection of plays might be given to Mr. Heritage Doolittle, while Miss Sniftie Oldpoint would perhaps be willing, now and then, to write a play herself. Her mother was one of the Boston Hennes.

One thing, however, we must insist upon—that is, that Herr Conried shall have undisputed control. No institution of that kind could be thoroughly American without his guidance. Would it, or would it not, be just as funny if Oscar Hammerstein should start a National Japanese Theatre in Tokio?

Flight.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—The President to-day sent to the Senate the following nomination:

To be Consul-General at Hongkong, China, Amos P. Wilder of Wisconsin.—*Daily Paper.*

Mysterious are the dispensations of official wisdom. Does the most promising of all the Yale orators speak Chinese? What has induced the appointing power to select such a fountain of enlivening discourse for exportation to an Asiatic city where only a handful of Americans and a double handful of Englishmen can sit with real profit under his oratory? It must be that Mr. Wilder is fleeing from a career—that he is daunted by his prospects as an after-dinner orator and has concluded to cut stick and seek a refuge. That hypothesis would explain. For an after-dinner speaker of first-rate reputation there is no prudent course except to put just as much of the earth's surface as he can

between him and a point midway between Chicago and New York. Hongkong is almost exactly half-way round the world from Manhattan Island. It is a healthy town and Mr. Wilder will be as safe there as he would be in any place from which he could hope to buy a ticket back.

The Appreciative Husband.

"I DECLARE," complained Mrs. Duzzit, "I shall certainly have to punish the children."

"What have they been up to now?" asks Mr. Duzzit.

"They have simply upset my sewing room. Nothing is where it should be. Needles, spools of thread, scissors, darning balls and everything have been poked away into the most unexpected corners. I had to search all afternoon to find a card of buttons. It is perfectly exasperating."

"My dear, the children didn't do that. I did it."

"You? What possessed you?"

"I thought I was doing you a kindness. After you straightened up the papers and books in my desk so beautifully, I thought it was no more than right that I should return the compliment by putting your sewing room in similar shape."

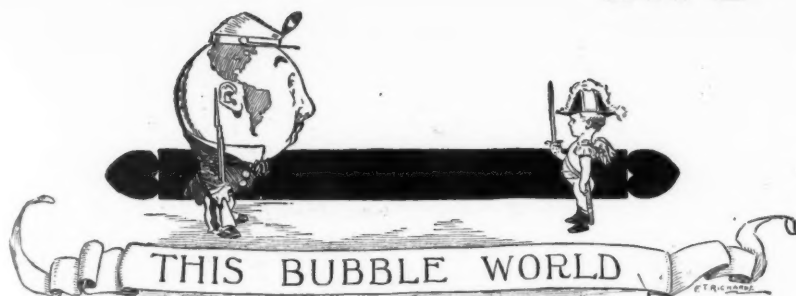
"DO you believe, sir, in a universal, all-pervading intelligence?"

"You bet I do. My boy has just come home from college."



Poet: I THINK I WILL DROP LITERATURE AND GO INTO BUSINESS.

Friend: DON'T DO IT! IT TAKES "BRAINS" TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS!



MARCEL PREVOST, the author, is a candidate for the French Senate.
—*Indianapolis News*.

American authors have more self-respect than that.

A dabbler in statistics has figured out that Anna Gould's count has cost her \$2,017 a day.—*Rochester Post*.

Almost as expensive as Anna's father was to the Erie stockholders.

Richard Mansfield declares that, in fact, every man is an actor.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Ergo, Richard Mansfield is an actor.

There is something really pathetic about Sir Francis C. Burnand's more than forty years of industrious endeavor to make *Punch* humorous.—*New York Sun*.

Nonsense; he never tried to. His job has been to keep *Punch* down to the British standard of mirth. He has done it conscientiously and ably.

There is still considerable anxiety about the ice crop.—*Boston Herald*.
• Don't worry, Boston. You still have the belles of Beacon Street.

China's envoys inspected Niagara Falls yesterday.—*Pittsburgh Gazette*.

Just in time. Pretty soon there won't be any Falls.

Marriage should be made more difficult.—*Former Police Commissioner McAdoo*.

Meaning that getting married should be made more difficult. Quite a few already find marriage sufficiently difficult.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt actually got her name in the society columns of the newspapers the other day.—*Fort Worth Record*.

A rather nasty way of alluding to a most commendable, unusual, and refreshing modesty.

The fact that some girls spend from \$10,000 to \$25,000 for a trousseau doesn't disturb the average young man in the least.—*Indianapolis News*.

The disturbance comes when the average young man tries to harmonize that trousseau with the average income.

Frank Lowden knows on which side of a cow to sit when he goes to milk her.—*Chicago News*.
The outside, of course.

What we can't understand is why Brother Metcalfe, of LIFE, was so blamed anxious to break into those New York theatres.—*Chicago Journal*.

Just an average American ambition to call a bluff.

Joseph has been held up in the Rockefeller Sunday School as a model.—*Baltimore American*.

Probably held up for the profits on that corner in corn.

If you had John D. Rockefeller's faculty of not talking back, you would get along better than you do.—*Atchison Globe*.

True, but John's money talks.

Every time a legislator pays his fare he imbibes more inspiration to stand up for the rights of the people.—*Pittsburgh Post*.

On the New York street cars we pay our fares and stand up, but we don't find it an inspiration.

An Eastern newspaper devotes a page to a symposium on the question: "Is Hetty Green happy?"—*Buffalo News*.

Indeed, she isn't. There are a few dollars in this world she can't get as long as Uncle Russ Sage is alive.

With the New York Legislature in session it may be necessary to again put a guard around Niagara Falls. The safer way probably will be to move the Falls out of the reach of the Legislature.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Why not make a permanent job of it by sending the Legislature over the Falls?

Senator Platt says, "Senator Depew will resign when I do."—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Careful, Mr. Senior Senator. Remember those insurance gentlemen who, a little while ago, hadn't any intention of resigning.

Between the Smoot case and supervising the wedding gifts to Miss Roosevelt, the W. C. T. U. is enjoying quite strenuous days.—*St. Louis Globe*.

Some women butt in where others fear to tread.

Have a thought for the future. Save your coal.—*Indianapolis News*.

The general impression has always been that for that kind of a future those in authority supplied the fuel.

Can you think of anything funnier than the action of the Governor of West Virginia in asking the United States Senate to come to the State's rescue from the Coal Trust and the Pennsylvania Railroad?—*Chicago Journal*.

Yep. That the Senate should do it.

It is said that the boys of Kansas do not know what a saloon is.—*Houston Post*.

Come East, young men.



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST FOR THIS WEEK.
SQUALLS.



Copyright, 1906, by Life Publishing Co.

THE OBJECT.
TO PITY DISTRESS BUT HUM
TO RELIEVE IT UNLIKE.
Grace Ma

LIFE.



THE DELICT.
BY DISTRESS BUT HUMAN;
LIEVE IT LIKE.
Grace Mann.



An Especially Awful Example.



IT certainly takes all kinds of people to make a world, and in no way can an intelligent person be better convinced of the fact than by a consideration of the pecuniary success attained by Mr. George M. Cohan with his curious theatrical entertainments, the latest of which, entitled "George Washington, Jr.," has recently been produced at the Herald Square Theatre.

Mr. Cohan's personality and accomplishments are quite worth notice as a peculiar evolution of our theatrical situation. He is apparently quite a young man. Quite a large part of his stock in trade is an absolute lack of bashfulness as to himself, his family and his doings. One curious feature of his career is that his real name is said on good authority to be Costigan. It is not unusual for a Hebrew to exchange a patronymic which betrays his race for one which will conceal it, but for any one bearing such a good old mouth-filling Irish name as Costigan to change for a distinctively Hebrew appellation is strange indeed. However, Mr. Cohan is very shrewd in a business way and, considering present conditions in the theatre in America, he was perhaps wise in his choice. He has amplified this appeal to one interest by adopting as a bait for another the sobriquet of "The Yankee Doodle Comedian." To some persons of discernment this might appear a trifling and, in a way, belittling epithet, but Mr. Cohan evidently finds it a valuable asset in attracting the attention of persons of some kind or other, as he never permits it to be lost sight of.

Mr. Cohan is a sort of universal genius. He writes plays, he writes the words that are set to his combinations of music, and he devises combinations of music for his words. These combinations of music are curious things, consisting mainly of several bars of well-known patriotic or sentimental songs strung together with connecting links of lively and more or less original musical trash. The words fitted to these curious contraptions are of the kind of unmetrical stuff that children compose and call poetry, and are for the most part mawkish appeals to the cheapest kind of patriotism. "George Washington, Jr.," is a fair example of his play-writing. It hinges on the Anglo-maniac tendencies of an American father, which are strongly disapproved of by his intensely American son, who goes so far in his intense patriotism as to renounce the paternal name and assume that of the father of his country. On this is based a crude and silly plot, giving opportunity for the Cohan musical sundries as well as for the chorus and show girls now indispensable to the success of anything on the American stage.



MR. COHAN is naturally the highly patriotic youth who is the hero of the piece, and trades on the national regard for the name of George Washington as a dollar-catcher. His most successful effort in the song line is a similar use of the American flag, which he dignifies in the oft-repeated refrain as "the grand old rag." In this character which he has created for himself, he presumably typifies his ideal of American young manhood.

He makes him a vulgar, cheap, blatant, ill-mannered, flashily-dressed, insolent, smart Aleck, who, for some reason unexplainable on any basis of common sense, good taste, or even ordinary

decency, appeals to the imagination and apparent approval of large American audiences. As a living character in any American town or village, it is hardly to be conceived that he would not be driven out as a public nuisance and a pernicious example to the youth of the community. The rounds of applause which greet the efforts of this offensive personality must convey to the minds of ignorant boys a depraving ideal for their inspiration and imitation.

IT may seem strange that so much space should be devoted to a theatrical attraction which, from any artistic importance it may have, should be passed over in contemptuous silence. But it deserves notice. It is one of the most recent and emphatic proofs of the continuous downward tendency of the American stage and the American audience. Mr. Cohan is not to be blamed.

In fact, from the American viewpoint that money-making is the test of real success, he is highly to be commended as a successful American. If he can bring himself to coin the American flag and national heroes into box-office receipts, it is not his blame, but our shame. If he hasn't any higher education or ideas than his cheap vulgarities, he is not to be blamed so much for exhibiting them as are the people who go to see them.

LIFE recommends its readers to go to see Mr. Cohan's performance. There could be no stronger appeal for the betterment of the American stage—no fiercer commentary on the debased condition of the intelligence of a large part of the theatre-going public.

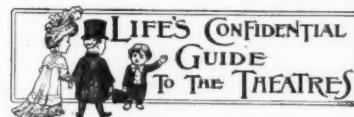


THE popularity of "Gallops" is likely to test to some extent the amount of interest the theatre-going public has in the fashionable idea of horsemanship. From the prevalence and apparent success of horse-shows all over the country, it is evident that the horse, or something that goes with the idea of a horse, is a popular fad. "Gallops" is a dramatic exploiting of the same idea in a little more intensified form. All its characters are of the horse, horsey. They are of the "hunting set" which finds existence in several communities in

America. There are not many votaries of the sport of hunting as practised in this country, and many of these are chiefly enamored of the paraphernalia that goes with it, and of the social stamp it is supposed to carry, so the ordinary observer may be pardoned, perhaps, for believing that the horse atmosphere as portrayed in "Gallops" is not in itself likely to appeal to a very general popular liking or interest. A prize-fighting play, or an automobiling play, appeals to a large constituency genuinely interested in those and similar sports, but fox-hunting with horses is indigenous and peculiar to the British Isles. Here it is caviare to all but readers of British novels, and to the few who affect a liking for it. The appeal of "Gallops" to the general public must be on its merits as a play and not on any widespread interest in pink coats and riding toggery. As a play it is an agreeable, polite comedy with a thoroughly conventional plot and not very expert construction. It contains nothing to offend and nothing to rouse to great heights of enthusiasm. It is simply a pleasant and enjoyable little play, depicting with considerable fidelity a phase of American social existence which has not taken a very strong hold on the popular liking or imagination.

The company which performs the piece is composed of artists of reputation and ability. None of them gives a bad performance, but collectively they do not convey precisely the impression that they are in the picture they are trying to present. An English hunting man thrown into one of our hunting gatherings might have the feeling

version of his sketches, which in print made very enjoyable reading. *Metcalfe.*



Academy of Music.—"The Heart of Maryland." Melodrama of the Civil War.

Belasco.—Blanche Bates, Mr. Frank Keenan and admirable company in Mr. Belasco's artistically presented American drama, "The Girl of the Golden West."

Bijou.—"The Music Master." David Warfield and excellent company in comedy of smiles and tears, well acted.

Broadway.—"The Vanderbilt Cup." The limit of trashiness, redeemed in spots by the cleverness of Elsie Janis.

Casino.—"The Earl and the Girl." English musical play. Light but amusing.

Empire.—"Peter Pan," with Maude Adams in the title part. Charming for adults and a joy to children.

Fields's.—Clara Lipman and Mr. Louis Mann in "Julie Bonbon." Diverting comedy of contemporary New York life.

Garrick.—Mr. Charles Richman and company in Mr. David Gray's "Gallops." See opposite.

Herald Square.—"George Washington, Jr." See opposite.

Hippodrome.—"A Society Circus" and "The Court of the Golden Fountains." Circus and spectacle carried to their highest possibilities.

Hudson.—"The Duel." Serious problem play with exceptionally good cast.

Lyric.—"Mexicana." Tunesful comic opera brilliantly staged.

Madison Square.—"The Title Mart." Notice later.

Manhattan.—"The Triangle." Notice later.

Proctor's Fifth Avenue.—Stock company in weekly change of bill.

Savoy.—"Mr. Hopkinson." Farical English comedy. Very well acted and intensely funny.

Weber's Theatre.—"Twiddle Twaddle." Musical and laughable nonsense. Josie Weber and little Mary Dressler at their best.

Needed a Subject.

MOTHER: What do you mean by pushing your baby brother down that flight of stairs?

DOROTHY: Why, mamma, I've just joined the society for the first aid to the injured, at school, and I want a subject to practice on.

THERE'S many a true word spoken in disgust.



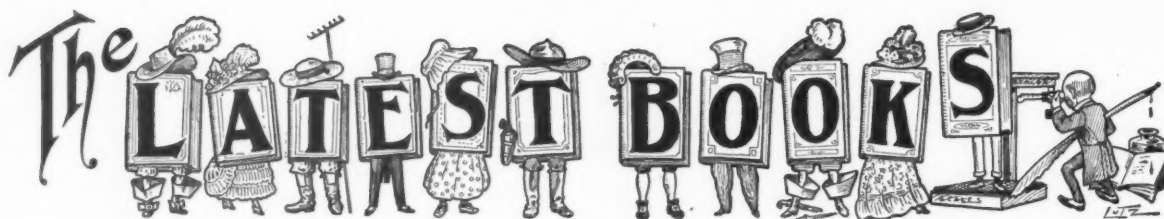
"IT'S AWFUL, ISN'T IT, THE WAY THE PRICE OF NECESSITIES HAS GONE UP?"

"TERRIBLE! WHY, HUSBANDS ARE TWICE AS MUCH AS THEY WERE."

that it was rather an imitation of the thing he knew at home, and not exactly a faithful one at that. The American familiar with any of our hunting communities would have rather the same feeling in witnessing this play; in fact, he would have the impression that he was seeing the counterfeit of a counterfeit, the shadow of a shadow. Messrs. Richman, Abingdon, McAllister, and Mesdames Kimball, Filkins and Starr read their lines accept-

ably and do what they have to do with technical expertness, but in its totality their accomplishment does not carry one away with the conviction that they are what they are trying to be. Mr. George Holland as a society bishop, and Mr. Hawtrey as a trainer, are far more like the real thing.

In "Gallops." Mr. David Gray, a beginning playwright, has given the public an entertaining, but by no means powerful, stage



THE sweeping, caustic and brilliant review of the history and the influence of the Jewish race and tradition, published by George H. Warner under the title of *The Jewish Spectre*, will prove an intellectual and a controversial entertainment of the most lively order to such readers as are willing to follow a man of wide and comprehensive learning, of daring if occasionally erratic originality and of sharp wit, while he flings facts, arguments and brilliant assumptions in the face of complacent and self-satisfied tradition. It is certain that but one man in the world will agree wholly with Mr. Warner, but no one with the eclectic gift, the gift of swallowing the honey and spitting out the comb, can read his book without a quickened sense of historical perspective and a keen relish for the suggestiveness of his constructive iconoclasm.

One is in something of a dilemma about *The Game and the Candle*, by Frances Davidge, because while there are many nice people who would like the book, they would be offended should one describe them in order to avoid mistakes. Let us therefore put it this way: The Game is the good old game of Convention versus Common Sense. The Hero and the Heroine (who would be quite human were they allowed to forget their responsibilities) play it nobly. And in the end Poetic Justice murders a poor and easily divorceable Impediment in order to buy them the Candle.

Nelson Lloyd's account of the successful social campaign conducted by *Mrs. Radigan*, of Kansas City, New York and Newport, while little more than a society skit, is an entertaining bit of thoroughly good-natured fun. Mr. Lloyd is a sentimentalist with a sense of humor (witness his *Drone and a Dreamer* and *The Soldier of the Valley*) and the combination is not only unusual but is particularly adapted to the pointing out of the foolishness of humanity without losing sight of the humanness of foolishness.

It is an analogous but a quite distinct binocular mental outlook that makes Mr. John Luther Long's *Seffy* so pleasant a bit of sentimental fiction. Mr. Long calls his story a little comedy of country manners, the manners of certain "Pennsylvania Germans resident in Maryland," and its attractiveness lies in the fact that he sees their absurdities with one eye, their essential sound-heartedness with the other, and with his pen makes us see both.

To bring simply and convincingly to the minds of young readers the reality of Christ's life on earth, to emphasize its strength, its heroism and its humanity, is, as William B. Forbush, the author of *The Boys' Life of Christ*, points out, a difficult and a delicate task. Yet while his work remains in large measure a task performed and not an in-

spiration bodied into words, Mr. Forbush has produced a successful and a useful volume.

The Grapple, by Grace Macgowan Cooke, is the story of a mine owner in the soft coal fields of Illinois who, himself risen from the ranks of the Union, fights and beats the Union because it oversteps the limits of authority which he believes to be for its good. It is a story, the author tells us, founded mainly upon facts, but while these are good, fictionable facts, they have not been transformed into good fiction. The story lacks dramatic sequence; its composition, to use the term in its picture sense, is faulty, and it anticipates, and so discounts, its own climaxes.

The piquant and hard-headed social philosophy contained in Mrs. Persis Mather's *Counsels of a Worldly Godmother*, in addition to embodying an excellent preachment without preaching, affords an unconscious but no less enjoyable picture of the godmother herself, which makes the book good reading, even though one belong to the risen and not to the rising generation.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Jewish Spectre. By George H. Warner. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

The Game and the Candle. By Frances Davidge. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

Mrs. Radigan. By Nelson Lloyd. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

Seffy. By John Luther Long. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

The Boys' Life of Christ. By William B. Forbush. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.25.)

The Grapple. By Grace Macgowan Cooke. (L. C. Page and Company. \$1.50.)

The Counsels of a Worldly Godmother. By Persis Mather. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

Fortune in Disguise.

THE suburban train leaves the track while going at a rapid rate of speed, and the hero of this little fable is jammed up between a couple of seats, and so injured that he must be taken to the hospital. While his hurts are found to be trivial, he makes moan because he has lost the day at his office, and complains vigorously of his hard luck.

Yet, at his office that day there called one lady book agent, one fire insurance solicitor, one life insurance solicitor, one canvasser for contributions to a charity fund, one man who wanted to sell him stock in a plantation scheme, and six old friends who would have occupied four hours of his time.

Thus we see that every cloud has not only a silver lining, but a few gold trimmings and a little bit of mother-of-pearl inlay.

In These Days.

ONE man's meat is another man's trust.

Making History.

IS the White House wedding really over, and have we settled down again into a soothing tranquillity and torpor? For months past the nation has borne a heavy strain. For months the agitating reports of wedding clothes and wedding gifts and wedding feasts have racked us with concern. As the time drew nearer, and the details became every day more intimate, the tremendous importance of this great national event, this crisis in our country's history, was felt with doubled force. When, on the 14th of February, the papers reverently announced that upon the following morning Miss Roosevelt would try on her wedding gown, "in the presence of her modiste," the anxiety as to its fit was more than we could bear. What vivid hours of hope and despondency when the "secrets of the trousseau"—admirable phrase!—were being alternately hidden and revealed. What a wave of relief when from the Atlantic to the Pacific there flashed the joyful tidings that Miss Roosevelt would "yield to the sentiment of the public," and give her subjects a photograph of herself in bridal array. And when one enterprising journal announced in large headlines this thrilling legend,

"Will carry old prayer-book,"

we felt that, in the matter of excitement, life had little more to afford.

"To be a spectator of great events," says Talleyrand, "is to experience great emotions." We have realized this truth at the expense of our nervous systems, undermined by the tension of months.

Agnes Repplier.

A WOMAN never makes a man unhappy without intention; whereas a man, with the best of intentions, may hurt a woman considerably, and without even guessing it.

She Couldn't Draw It.

A SCHOOL TEACHER one day, during the hour for drawing, suggested to her pupils that each draw what he or she would like to be when grown up.

At the end of the lesson one little girl showed an empty slate.

"Why," said the teacher, "isn't there anything you would like to be when you grow up?"

"Yes," said the little girl, "I would like to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."

WE get about so equal a taste of both Heaven and Hell, on this earth, that we won't feel quite like a stranger whatever our fate in the hereafter.



HOWARD CHESSE

THE CONFESSOR.



THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir: As a subscriber and admirer of LIFE, I take the liberty of pointing out to you an error in your editorial of this week's LIFE, the edition of February 8, 1906.

In your editorial on divorce, you say: "Those of our clerical brethren who maintain that it is certainly pleasing to the Almighty that divorced persons should never remarry, seem to have extraordinarily little foundation on which to base that belief. The Great Teacher, on whose recorded sayings the Christian world bases its standards of conduct, spoke no word that warranted such a conclusion, and if one desire of the Creator is clearer than another, it is the purpose that His human creatures should be mated."

Now, if you will please read Matthew xix, 9, and also Luke xvi, 18, I think you will find a decided difference between Christ's words and your reference to His words.

Sincerely,

FEB. 6, 1906.

The texts cited authorize divorce only on the ground of adultery. They do not forbid remarriage to the innocent party in such cases. In the passage quoted above from LIFE, "divorced persons" should read "innocent divorced persons."—ED.

ARE not you the only paper in the United States that dares say what it thinks?

NEWTON, PA.

Old Subscriber.

We guess yes.



A SHOW FUR.

DEAR LIFE: Your editorial on divorce, in the issue of February 8th, is right to the point! The best thing the writer has seen on the subject. Your views are broad-minded, sympathetic and sane.

If the church has any influence at all in the matter, why should it not be used in ruling that the clergy shall never join in wedlock men and women whom they know to be mismated? (O, yes, they often know!) That may sound fantastic to some, perhaps, but it is the right end of the question for them to handle. Divorce should not concern them at all, excepting where they have knowingly joined two who are unfitted for life together.

Mr. Flagg's pictures, on page opposite editorial mentioned, illustrate my point exactly.

Sincerely,

L. H. S.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 7, 1906.

Light in Asia.

YIN-TCH'ANG, Chinese Minister at Berlin, seems to have clear ideas. Many Americans will agree with him in this matter.

The holiest feelings of our people have been ignored and abused by the missionaries, most of whom are demoralized men looking out only for their own material advantages.

The foreign missionary is, and always has been, not only an impertinence from the very nature of his trade, but a tactless affront to the religion of his victims. Of late years he has outdone even that record. He has become a political danger, a menace to international peace. LIFE has no desire to say unkind things of these misguided, but sometimes—possibly—well-meaning mischief-makers, but it does seem, however, that the Chinese treatment of these invaders is almost a necessity. It is certainly brutal, but missionaries are impervious to hints.

Why Not?

AS long as the church claims the exclusive privilege of regulating the laws of matrimony, why is it so modest as to stop at that point?

Why not be consistent and take up other matters, as follows:

John Smith made a contract with Richard Doe, in which Smith succeeded in cheating Doe out of \$50. A clergyman was called in to decide the matter. After his fee had been paid he excommunicated both culprits and applied the \$50 to the church.

Margaret Brown discharged the cook, who claimed wages amounting to \$12. The Bishop of the Diocese was away, but his assistant performed the operation. He declared that 25 per cent of the \$12 belonged to him, and the rest to be equally divided between the Sunday School and the foreign missions.



THE MARCH HA(IRE).

The Presbyterian Synod met yesterday to consider the case of the Panama Canal. It was recommended that Congress pass an appropriation covering the services of each member of the Synod, after which they intimated that something might be doing.

Compromising Connections.

"MOTHER, if I should die, would I go to heaven?"

"Yes, dear, I think so."

"If you should die, would you go to heaven?"

"Why, my dear, I hope so."

"Well, I hope so, too. It would be awful for me up there to be pointed out as the little girl whose mother was in hell."

BY all means let us rot. That is to say, after we've raised hob a few years and exhausted the soil somewhat, let's go in and raise standards of business honesty awhile, and build it up again.

Progress.

B RIGGS: It's getting so that our American cities are more and more corrupt.

GRIGGS: I know it. Why, it won't be long before all the honest men will be in jail.

The Source.

"I DON'T see where all those people get their money."

"Visit the poor, and you'll know."

Von Blumer Goes in for Health.

"THIS is the greatest day of my life."

Although Von Blumer, looking across the breakfast table at his wife, made this statement in the most matter-of-fact way, as if he were discussing the weather, Mrs. Von Blumer was not so easily deceived.

Her face assumed a look of anxiety. "I hope, dear," she said, "that you are not going to start anything new. You know you are so easily influenced that"—

Von Blumer smiled a scornful smile. "Me easily influenced?" he exclaimed. "I like that. Hum. Ha! That's highly amusing. Well, my dear, I forgive you. That's like a woman. It being your one, particular, weak point, you like to put it off on to me. Easily influenced! Ha!"

His suspicious wife was in too much suspense as to his latest idea to be led aside by his superior manner. She had suffered too much already from

his passion for something new, not to be alarmed.

"I hope," she said, "that it isn't any new system of work. You're not going to take up photography, are you? There's really no place for a dark room. You haven't invited a lot of business friends to dinner, have you? Because"—

Von Blumer stopped her with a gesture.

"My dear," he said, "it's really pitiful to see your condition. No tone. No resilience to you. Tired and nervous. You need"—

He stopped. Years of experience had taught him to be chary of introducing any new idea too suddenly.

He looked at her fixedly.

"I want to ask you a question," he said.

"Well, well, what is it?"

"Do you love me?"

"Don't be absurd."

"I say—do you love me?"

"I suppose so."

"Do you value my companionship? Do you realize that upon me depends the support and well-being of this entire household? Think of what it means! Ah, think of the responsibility I'm under. If this hasn't come home to you yet, I assure you it has to me. It devolves upon me, therefore, as a positive duty, to see that I am always in the best possible physical condition. My eye must be bright, my step springy, my muscles velvety yet hard and firm. I"—

Mrs. Von Blumer turned pale. She remembered now that for several days past her husband had been absorbed in reading certain circulars that had come to him.

"You don't mean to say," she faltered, "that you have gone into Health?"

"I most certainly have. I have done what I should have done ten years ago. Still, it is not too late. Even for a man of my age, the chances of increasing my chest at least five inches in six months are almost certain. Professor Bounder"—

Mrs. Von Blumer's worst fears were confirmed. She remembered seeing this magnificent gentleman in a



His Wife: HAVE YOU HAD A BAD DAY, DEAR?

The Financier: YES, I LOST OVER \$250,000. AND THE WORST OF IT IS THAT NEARLY \$100 OF THAT WAS MY OWN MONEY!

(This story is continued on the fifth advertising page following.)



AT DANCING SCHOOL, OR THE SMALL BOY'S COMPLAINT.

My mother makes me awful mad,
I wisht she'd let me be.
But, dern the luck, she seems to think
That she's a-runnin' me.
Now, here I am dressed like a dude,
At this here dancin' school;
I might look clean an' sporty, but
I feel jest like a fool.

The other kids keep guyn' me,
Because I come down here;
Sech things as "girly boy" an' "dude"
They holler in my ear.
Course, I can't blame 'em, 'cause I do
Look mushy-like, an' yet
If they don't cut that guyn' out,
I'll punch some heads, I'll bet.

They ain't no fun in huggin' girls,
But what else kin I do,
With Mom a-settin' lookin' on?
Doggone it, I feel blue.
Mom says I'll be a gentleman
In years that is to come,
If she keeps sendin' me down here,
I won't—I'll be a bum.

—Denver Post.

SAW THE WHOLE FIGHT.

A man visited the scene of the battle of Antietam, and there met an old colored man who took pleasure in explaining all "facts" about the engagement.

The negro was asked if he was present when the fight took place, and his answer was, "Sartainly, sah; sure, I wuz right heah."

"Then you must have seen the whole thing."

"'Deed I did, sah; an' it wuz right bilious times, sah."

"What position did you occupy?"

"I wuz down in de cellar, sah. I got down dar to keep out de way of de Yankees, 'case I knowed dat I would be 'bleeged ter whoop for dem, an' I knowed dat Marse Bob Lee didn't 'spec' dat of me, so I just got down in de cellar, an' let 'em fi't it out."—*Washington Star*.

HE: Wise men hesitate—only fools are certain.

SHE: Are you sure?

"I'm quite certain of it!"

Then she laughed.—*Kansas City Independent*.

AN EXPERT OPINION.

"Will alcohol dissolve sugar?"

"It will," replied the Old Soak; "it will dissolve gold, brick houses and horses, and happiness, and love, and everything else worth having."—*Norton Champion*.

A MAN at Eldorado, Kan., comes out with the statement that after the maple syrup has all been exhausted from the Kansas corncocks the pulp is made into a breakfast food, which sells at ten cents a pound.—*Troy Times*.



"YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM MELANCHOLIA—YOU MUST TAKE LONG WALKS."

Patient: SAY, DOC, I'VE BEEN WALKING HOME FROM THE RACE TRACKS EVER SINCE THE RACING SEASON OPENED—THAT'S WHAT MAKES ME SO DESPONDENT.

HE IS THAT.

"It must be hard on the people of London to have a chief magistrate who is always like a bad dream."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, isn't he a knight mayor?"—*Baltimore American*.

WHEN poverty flies in at the door, love goes out in an automobile with another man.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

WHAT IT COST.

Charles Mathews, the famous actor, one day previous to the period of his publicly-proclaimed dire bankruptcy, invited a friend to dine with him. The walnuts were washed down by some rare sherry. "That's a delicious wine," his friend exclaimed. "It must have cost you a lot of money."

"It didn't cost me anything that I know of," the flighty comedian answered, with a shrug.

"You had it given to you then?" the friend suggested.

"Oh, no," answered Mathews; "I bought it from Ellis, in Bond Street!"

"But he will charge you something for it?" the friend exclaimed in astonishment.

"I believe he does write something down in a book," Charles retorted gravely. "Let's have another glass, my boy."—*Exchange*.

A CLERGYMAN, who was holding a children's service at a Continental winter resort, had occasion to catechise his hearers on the parable of the Unjust Steward. "What is a steward?" he asked. A little boy, who had arrived from England a few days before, held up his hand. "He is a man, sir," he replied, with a reminiscent look on his face, "who brings you a basin."—*Kansas City Independent*.

HAVING announced his text, an old colored preacher down in Georgia went on to say, "My attention has been drawn ter de fact dat some scoundruls has gone 'n' put a' alligator in de pulpit, right under my two foots; but, long as he ez dar, I gwine let him stay 'twel atter de benediction; fer I notice dat, des lak de res' er you triflin', no 'count sinners, he done made up his mind ter take it easy en sleep through de sermon!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A KANSAS CITY woman tells this story on her husband to demonstrate the inferiority of the masculine mind. One morning as her husband was sitting down to the breakfast table he glanced at the dining room clock and said, "We must be later than usual this morning."

"Don't place too much confidence in that clock. It stopped at five o'clock this morning, and I just set it going by guess," replied the good wife.

"Were you up at five o'clock?" asked the husband.

"Of course not."

"What time did you say the clock stopped?"

"At five."

"If you weren't up at five," replied the man, with a puzzled look, "how in thunder do you know when the clock stopped?"

"Why, dear, it stayed stopped," was the reply.

The man did not say another word that morning.—*Kansas City Times*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.

WILSON
That's All!

HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE
THE WHISKEY OF
REFINED TASTE

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



New York Central's Grand Central Station,

CENTER OF THE CITY OF
NEW YORK.

ANDREW USHER & CO.

"EXCEPTIONAL"
"SPECIAL RESERVE O.V.G."
AND
"OLD VATTED GLENLIVET"
(A BLEND OF OLD GLENLIVET & OTHER WHISKIES.)

SCOTCH WHISKIES.

G. S. NICHOLAS,

Sole Agent, New York.



BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
Established 1840
ABERDEEN

"Liqueur Scotch Whisky"

"Three Star Whisky"

These whiskies are guaranteed to be
absolutely pure, old and mellow.

Distilled, matured, and bottled in the
Highlands of Scotland under
Government inspection.

REPRESENTED IN } E. LAMONTAGNE & SONS
THE U. S. BY } 45 Beaver St., New York

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



THE SWEET MAGIC OF SMOKE.

After J. M. Flagg.

Photogravure in Dark Green, 22 by 17 in.
\$1.50.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



"FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW."

After F. W. Read.

Photogravure in Sepia, 20 by 15 in.
\$1.00.

LIFE'S PRINTS

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



THE TATTLE-TALE.

After W. Balfour Ker.

Photogravure in Sepia, 15 by 20 in.
\$1.00.

A dainty catalogue showing in miniature
many of LIFE'S PRINTS will be sent to any
address on receipt of ten cents.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street
New York

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



ANGEL CAKE.

After J. M. Flagg.

Photogravure in Sepia, 22 by 17 in.
\$1.50.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



OVERWORKED.

After Bob Addams.

Fac-simile in Color, 20 by 18 in.
50 cents.



DRAMATIC TEMPERANCE STORY.

Irving Grinnell, treasurer of the Church Temperance Society, of New York, told at a temperance meeting a dramatic story:

"A woman entered the barroom," he said, "and advanced quietly to her husband, who sat drinking with three other men.

"She placed a covered dish on the table and said: 'Thinkin' ye'd be too busy to come home to supper, Jack, I've fetched it to you here.'

"And she departed.

"The man laughed awkwardly. He invited his friends to share the meal with him. Then he removed the cover from the dish.

"The dish was empty. It contained a slip of paper that said:

"'I hope you will enjoy your supper. It is the same as your wife and children have at home.'"—*Chicago Chronicle.*

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

CHAPLAIN HALE'S PRAYER.

It is being told that W. R. Stubbs, accompanied by his little son, went into the Senate gallery the last time they were in Washington. Among the persons the boy was interested in was Edward Everett Hale, a magnificent looking old man. His father told him that was the chaplain.

"Oh, he prays for the Senate, doesn't he?" asked young Stubbs.

"No," replied the Kansas speaker; "he gets up and takes a look at the Senate, and prays for the country."—*Kansas City Star.*

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet.*

SUPERINTENDENT JOHN FLINN, of the Indian schools of Chamberlain, S. D., has at his tongue's end many quaint stories of Indian children.

Anent fatigue he said one day:

"A little redskin, Black Eagle, accompanied me on a tramp of sixteen miles.

"The boy walked well for his age, but the last two or three miles went hard with him. He gave pretty plain evidences of fatigue.

"Tired?" said I.

"No," he answered. "I am not tired, but I'd be glad if I could only take off my legs and carry them under my arms a while."—*Rochester Herald.*

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

WHERE HE WAS "FOOLED."

A small but belligerent dog was left in charge of a buggy while his master attended to some business in a neighboring store. A large brindle-complexioned cur happened along that way, and, seeing nothing about the buggy to guard it, except the small dog, concluded to help himself to some provisions he saw in the vehicle, supposing that his size would bluff the guard. To his astonishment, the small dog did not bluff worth a cent, but, on the contrary, made a running jump, climbed all over the brindle cur, and bit him in four different places within three seconds by the watch. It was a great surprise party to the brindle cur, and, filling the surrounding atmosphere with howls of pain, he lit out down the street. As the small dog quietly lay down again under the buggy he remarked softly to himself, "I have noticed during my association with both dogs and men, that nerve and activity count for a blamed sight more than size and hair."—*Valley (Tex.) Farmer.*

YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE is a wholesome, nourishing beverage. Best for building up.—*Adve.*

**WHEN YOU SEE THIS SIGN
ASK FOR A MASSAGE**

Use POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM
The Centennial Toilet Luncheon

If you patronize a barber, remember that the Pompeian sign in a barber shop is proof that you can get a real massage there—a hand-massage with Pompeian Massage Cream.

If you shave yourself, you can get a jar of the cream from your druggist, and with our book, perform facial massage yourself. Have

Pompeian Massage Cream

in the house in either case. After the day's work or sport, nothing is more refreshing than a good facial massage. Those whose occupation or sports expose their hands and faces to accumulation of dust and grime, find Pompeian Massage Cream the only thing that will entirely remove the soil from the skin. It removes the pore-dirt that soap cannot reach—and, increases the blood circulation, relaxes the muscles and makes the flesh firm and the complexion clear.

Don't allow the druggist to sell you an imitation, nor let your barber use a substitute—imitations do not do the work and may do harm. Look for trade mark on bottle and see that the name "Pompeian" is there.

Your wife or sister will be glad to have a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream in the house. Most women to-day recognize the value of this preparation in maintaining a clean, clear, healthy skin. It contains no grease and makes the use of face powders unnecessary.

This is the jar the barber buys.

This is the jar the druggist sells for home use.

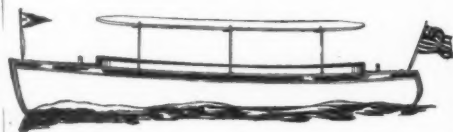
SAMPLE MAILED FREE

Send your name to-day—we also send a complete book on Facial Massage.

Regular size jars sent by mail where dealer will not supply. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 a jar.

POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY
25 Prospect St. Cleveland, Ohio

Men like Pompeian Massage Soap. A high grade toilet article, healing and refreshing, but not highly perfumed. Sold everywhere.



MATTHEWS MOTOR BOATS

Open and cruising styles, 12 to 75 feet. All makes of power installed. Catalogue of "Matthews' Methods and Models," mailed for 10c. postage.

Matthews & Company

BASCOR

OHIO

**Travelers
Checks and
Letters of Credit**

available the world over

now issued by

United States Express Co.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE DEPT.

Apply to any agent of the company

·LIFE·

Patronize American industries. Wear a

KNOX



HAT

the creation par excellence of the nation.
Agencies in all the principal cities in the world.



MISS HIPPO'S NEW HAT.
SHE KNOWS IT WILL CREATE A STIR,
SO WEARS HER SWEETEST SMILE.
THE ONLY THING THAT WORRIES HER
IS "WILL IT STAY IN STYLE?"

The first Derby made in America was a
C. & K.

Knapp-Felt

HATS FOR MEN

Knapp-Felt is a wear-resisting fabric of unusual beauty and durability. Knapp-Felt De Luxe Hats are \$6. Knapp-Felts are \$4. Hatters sell them.

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
Broadway, at 13th St., New York

Clark's Tours to Japan \$700

In Japan for the famous "CHERRY BLOSSOM SEASON." Finest Promenade Deck Rooms. Exceptional advantages. Program W Free.
F. C. CLARK, 96 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Gibson's
**RECORD
RYE WHISKEY**

Try *Gibson's*



For the dash of your auto. Six New Features in the improved Jones Combination Speedometer-Odometer. Catalog and bulletin upon request.

JONES SPEEDOMETER

104 West 32nd St.

New York

Over a Quarter of a Million

of the leading people in New York City
HAVE TELEPHONES.
Are you able to reach them?

HAVE YOU A TELEPHONE?

New York Telephone Co.
15 Dey Street.

How quickly women condemn a store that does not sell real

Lansdowne

The Finest Silk and Wool Dress Fabric in the World.

ALL COLORS AND SHADES

Genuine perforated every 3 yards on the selvedge

W. F. READ

for sale at all good stores




Its popularity has long since justified its name. The king quality among shirts of equal price. \$1.00 and \$1.25 in fast color fabrics and white. Leading dealers.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.
Troy, N. Y.

Largest Makers of Shirts and Collars in the World.

LISK'S Sanitary **SELF BASTING** **ROASTER**



No Basting—No Waste and nothing to watch but the clock

One-fifth of every roast is wasted by ordinary roasting pans. The **LISK SANITARY SELF-BASTING ROASTER** saves every ounce of that waste. The juices from the roast vaporized by the heat collect on the inner roof of the **ROASTER** and drop back again upon the roast, keeping it constantly basted. The **LISK SANITARY SELF-BASTING ROASTER** is made of the Imperial Gray Enamel which has made **LISK** Kitchen utensils famous. **Saving, Seamless and Sanitary.** Sold under a ten-year unconditional guarantee.

SPECIAL OFFER—Ask your dealer for *Lisk Self-Basting Roaster*. If he cannot supply you send \$3.00 and we will send medium size Roaster (express prepaid) with privilege of returning, if at end of thirty days you are not convinced of its merits. *Descriptive booklet L sent free*

THE LISK MANUFACTURING CO., Canandaigua, N.Y.



WHITE ROSE
Glycerine Soap

The Secret of a Healthy and Beautiful Skin
 A perfect complexion is assured to all who use this Soap. Its transparency is a sign of its purity.

FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne O/R, Germany
MÜLHENS & KROPPF, 296 Broadway, New York
 Send 15 cents in stamps for a full size sample cake

kind of upholstered undress, pictured in the pages of certain periodicals that Von Blumer had been collecting.

"Has—he—any apparatus?" she inquired faintly.

"Well, I should say he has. A life-saver for every man, woman and child in this nerve-racking age."

"How big is it?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing. Takes up only six feet of floor space."

"Where do you intend putting it? You can't!"

"Now don't get uneasy. I've got the whole thing arranged. There's a wide, open space in the attic, right near the window. There, my dear girl, is where I shall gradually bring myself back to life and strength."

That afternoon at three o'clock, a huge packing box was delivered by a drayman. A few moments after Von Blumer appeared, armed with a hammer. The sides were torn off, and by herculean efforts the two men lifted the affair upstairs, while Mrs. Von Blumer, tears in her eyes, looked silently on.

The drayman departed. There was a sound of hammering and tugging and scraping. Then a brief silence.

Mrs. Von Blumer was getting uneasy. Suddenly, however, the door opened. Her husband, clad only in last year's bathing suit, with a pair of gymnasium sandals on his feet, stood dramatically before her. His face was transfused with joy. He threw out his chest and folded his arms calmly, like a Greek gladiator—only his legs being somewhat thinner than those old heroes', were possibly not quite so nourishing to view.

"Now, my dear girl," he said. "I want to show you the greatest apparatus ever devised by the mind of man for the Health. Every muscle reached, external or internal. The vital organs gently stimulated. Come."

He led the way upstairs into the attic.

"There!" he exclaimed, triumphantly. "What do you think of that? Wait till I show you how it works."

He sprang into what was more like an ordinary rowing machine than anything else. He grasped the handles. He slid gracefully back and forward, stretching out his arms before him. Then he stood up, and bending down pulled some levers that controlled two weights at the side.

"In this simple, marvelous piece of mechanism," he remarked, gasping for breath, "lies the secret of human life."

He grabbed his wife by her arm and pulled her towards him.

"Are you aware," he muttered, "that every muscle is like a sponge—that if it isn't squeezed out regularly, impurities collect? Think of it!"

"You'll catch your death of cold," said Mrs. Von Blumer, "with that window open."

"Ha! That only shows your ignorance. You see my body is in a warm glow. The rich ozone in the air only serves to purify the skin."

"How often are you going to do this thing?"

"You'd be surprised how little of it is necessary. I rise promptly at six."

"At six?"

"That's what I said. Half an hour before breakfast, then a brisk rub down, and in the afternoon, half an hour before dinner. That's all. Think of it, a mere nothing."

The next morning, while it was yet dark, Mrs. Von Blumer was awakened from her slumber by an ominous sound overhead. She started up. Her first thought was burglars. Then she recalled her husband.

"This is awful," she murmured. "No sleep for me."

For some time she turned and tossed. At last, unable to stand it any longer, she put on her wrapper and started upstairs. Von Blumer almost bounded into her as he came down.

"Look here, dear, this is too much. I simply can't stand it to be waked up every morning by that horrible thing."

"I knew it! I knew you'd kick. Just like a woman! Here I am making a sacrifice of myself in order to preserve my health, for your sake—for your sake, I say: Heaven knows, I care nothing for myself—and now you make the usual fuss about it. But, thank Heaven, madam, I have a better regard for myself, a higher sense of my duty to my family, than to be influenced by what you may say. And now stand aside. I must rub myself down with a coarse towel."

With the calmness of despair, Mrs. Von Blumer saw there was nothing to do but wait for developments.

That afternoon at five, her husband appeared upon the scene, and in a

(Continued on opposite page.)

few moments a distant rumbling indicated that he and the product of Dr. Bounder's wonderful brain were in close communion.

At dinner, however, he toyed with his food. She noticed that he had rings under his eyes.

"Aren't you well, dear?" she asked.

Von Blumer jumped as if he had been shot.

"Well!" he ejaculated. "Well! I should say I was. It's grand to feel this way. Simply wonderful."

"You are not hungry."

"Umph. That's the beauty about Bounder's machine. It develops a natural health appetite. Most of us over-eat."

The next morning Mrs. Von Blumer was awakened as usual by the grinding overhead. This time, however, she kept quiet. Somehow it seemed to her that it did not last so long as the morning before. And in the afternoon she also noticed that her husband was ten minutes later in getting home.

Four days passed. One morning she awoke with a dim consciousness that something was wrong. Instead of a noise overhead she heard in the adjoining room a peaceful snore. Her tired husband had overslept himself. At the breakfast table he appeared a little later than usual. There was a suggestion of sheepishness about him.

He himself led the way.

"I suppose," he said, "that just because I didn't go through that stunt this morning, you think I'm a backslider."

"Well, I was so relieved not to hear that noise, that I didn't much care what you were. I hope, dear, you will give it up. I don't believe it will do you a bit of good."

"That's all you know about it. However, for your information, I will tell you that I am going to give it up. I've found something better."

Mrs. Von Blumer shuddered.

"What is it?" she asked, timidly.

"Bounder is all right in his way. For certain people, I have no doubt he accomplishes grand results. You may not know it, you may not fully realize the fact, but even in the short time I used his machine my chest came up, one inch and a half. Think of it! But the trouble with Bounder is that he is too strenuous. Now, Humpton is more scientific. Humpton!"

"Who is Humpton?"

Von Blumer gazed at his wife in ill-concealed scorn.

"Do you mean to say," he said, sternly, "that you've never heard of the celebrated Humpton System? It's done by correspondence through the mail. I started in this morning. You won't know me in a week."

"What do you do? Is it anything that makes a noise?"

"I should say not. No apparatus. Nothing but a rubber ball."

"A rubber ball? Why not a baby's rattle? You can get lots of exercise out of that, and it has a pleasant jingle."

Von Blumer's eye flashed fire.

"Of course," he exclaimed, "no woman could possibly understand a thing like this. Of course, all my honest, high-minded efforts to keep myself in the pink of condition—all for your sake, mind you—must be received with derision. Never mind, madam! I shall go on my way regardless. Other great men have been laughed at before. I can stand it."

The next morning Mrs. Von Blumer was awakened once more—this time by a series of hoarse breathings. Her husband, a large rubber ball between his shoulder blades, was pressing it into the wall, as he snorted with a certain attempt at rhythmic vigor, his eyes nearly popping out of his head.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Von Blumer. "You'll strain yourself, I know. Can't you feel the wind blowing on you?"

Her husband stepped forward, and the rubber ball, released, bounded across the room. He stooped over, and taking it in his hands, began to manipulate it with his fingers.

"Don't interrupt me," he muttered. "I must keep my thought on myself. That's a part of the system."

Several days passed—days through which Mrs. Von Blumer lived with considerable anxiety. Her husband—it could not be denied—was getting more feeble. There was about him an affectation of sprightliness that did not conceal his listlessness.

One morning, however, hope sprang up in her breast as she awakened to hear once again the old familiar snore. The crisis then was passed. Von Blumer was himself again.

(Concluded on next page.)



The
Proof
of
Absolute
Supremacy





Hiawatha Sparkling Natural Lithia

holds the worlds highest awards in competition with over three hundred *including all* the well known table waters at the two greatest World's Fairs.

First in purity.
First in effervescent life.
First in palatableness.
First as a Natural Lithia Water.
First in the estimation of all who have used it.

When you order a sparkling water, be sure it is a genuinely pure *Natural Lithia* bottled at the Spring—that's *Hiawatha*.

A booklet will be sent free if you address

LOUIS McPARK COMPANY

Distributors

Minneapolis

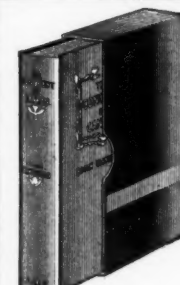
New York

Chicago

St. Paul

Duluth

For the
Hiawatha Spring Company
Order "*Hiawatha*" Today



THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN

or any other one of the twenty books enumerated below, and a year's subscription to

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

For \$2.10

Make out order printed below for the same. The Book selected will be mailed to you direct (postage prepaid) on receipt of \$2.10 with your order, and will be exchangeable at any Tabard Inn Station, on payment of the usual fee.

1. The House of Mirth. Edith Wharton
2. The Gambler. Mrs. Thurston
3. Hearts and Masks. Harold MacGrath
4. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington
5. Fair Margaret. F. Marion Crawford
6. The House of 1000 Candles. Nicholson
7. The Wheel of Life. Ellen Glasgow
8. The Westerners. Stewart Edward White
9. In Old Bellaire. Mary Dillon
10. The Czar's Spy. Wm. LeQueux

11. The Call of the Wild. London
12. The Hon. Peter Sterling. Ford
13. The Kindred of the Wild. Roberts
14. The Long Arm. S. M. Gardenhire
15. A Maker of History. Oppenheim
16. The Man on the Box. MacGrath
17. The Prisoner of Zenda. Hope
18. Rupert of Hentzau. Hope
19. The Virginian. Owen Wister
20. The Prospector. Ralph Connor

.....1906

THE TABARD INN LIBRARY
 1611 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Dear Sirs:—I enclose herewith \$2.10 for **THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE** for one year beginning with.....number, and a new copy of the following Book.....; the Book to be in a Tabard Inn Case and **TO BE EXCHANGEABLE FOREVER** at any Tabard Inn Library in the United States.

Name.....

Full Address.....

Address: The Tabard Inn Library, 1611 CHESTNUT STREET PHILADELPHIA

At the breakfast table she said pleasantly:

"How's Humpton—and the new System?"

Von Blumer did not immediately reply. He was evidently gathering himself together for a supreme effort.

"What hurts me," he said, with an air of deep resignation, "is the utter inability of your feeble mind to grasp what I am trying to do. Here we are, to quote from a circular I received yesterday, 'victims of the stress and strain of modern competition, where the way about us is strewn with physical wrecks, and with none of us paying the slightest attention to our physical bodies'!"

"Well," interrupted Mrs. Von Blumer, "I can't complain of you on that score. You are certainly not neglecting yours."

"I say," went on Von Blumer, haughtily ignoring her remark, "that 'victims of the stress and'—where was I?—Oh, yes, 'and our strength sapped by the exacting requirements of modern business life—we as a race are gradually growing weaker and weaker.'"

"Now, what am I doing? I am trying to save myself from such an awful fate. I trust, madam, that I still cherish a few ideals. I trust I have a lofty conception of my duty, and when, in an honest and painstaking effort to find the truth, I am obliged to enter upon a few mild experiments, what do I meet with from the one person who should stand by me with her earnest sympathy and encouragement? Nothing, absolutely nothing but ridicule. It is too much!"

Mrs. Von Blumer was really touched.

"Don't think I don't appreciate it," she said earnestly. "Forgive me, darling. I didn't mean to offend you. Has Humpton also failed you? Speak freely. It shall be in the strictest confidence."

Mrs. Von Blumer, it will be observed, was one woman in a thousand. She knew when she was really needed.

"Humpton," said Von Blumer, "and Bounder, I am convinced, are doing what they can for humanity. No doubt their systems are admirable for some people. As for me!"

He lowered his voice.

"Well, the fact is, they don't quite work. I am satisfied they are not the thing for my constitution. But, my dear, it is only by constant experiment that we can arrive at the truth. I do not despair. The ideal man is before me. I shall probe this matter to the very bottom. I'm going into it deep. The voice of duty rings clear within me. Have patience! I shall yet discover the secret of a buoyant vitality."

Mrs. Von Blumer's heart sank within her. She was in hopes that her husband had had enough. But she realized now that she must see him through to the bitter end.

Days passed. The mail was ominous with literature. Von Blumer came and went with a preoccupied air. Gradually, however, his face changed. A new light shone in his ever hopeful eye. His step grew elastic. A new era apparently was beginning to dawn.

One morning he took his wife aside. He drew her gently toward him on the sofa. He gazed calmly, radiantly, triumphantly, into her questioning face.

"Darling," he murmured, "I've got it."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. A new life has opened up for us both! Vistas of immense power stretch onward. Henceforth, existence for us is an earthly Paradise."

"Out with it, dear. I cannot wait."

In reply, he drew from his pocket a small pamphlet, as he said solemnly:

"All is mind."

Mrs. Von Blumer started back.

"You don't mean to tell me," she cried, "that you have become a Christian Scientist?"

"Now, that's just like a woman—to jump at conclusions. Well, I should say not. The Christian Scientists no doubt are groping after the truth. They have gathered up a few fragments of it. But they are as nothing compared with what has been revealed to me. Yes, my dear, within this precious little volume you see here, lies the secret of life's utmost freedom. All is thought. We, ourselves, create our own environment. To-day we think what to-morrow we are. All we have to do is to place ourselves *en rapport* with the mystic harmony of the universe. Rhythmic breathing, an utter lack of fear—a sort of welcoming, as it were, of every consequence, a constant passiveness to all the

vibrations that are flowing through us—in fact, to be nearly as possible like a jellyfish."

"A jellyfish?"

"Yes. You see this humble animal typifies in reality the freedom of life. He ebbs and flows with the current. By utterly relaxing myself, by making myself feel like a jellyfish, well, say two or three times a day, in a short time I will begin to gather power, which will increase all the time. It's all mind, you understand. Everything unpleasant is unreal—false. And now, I must go into the silence."

Von Blumer led the way upstairs, followed by his awe-struck partner. He placed himself gently and harmoniously on the bed at full length. Then he began to breathe slowly.

"Observe my chest," he whispered, "how it rises and falls in tune with the rhythmic vibrations of the spheres. I shall now will away all harmful thoughts. I shall demand power. Ah! Already I can feel myself getting into the grandeur of it. Leave me!"

His stricken wife left him. She went into her own room, locked the door, and said her prayers in the good, old-fashioned way. She prayed that her husband might be spared.

For days thereafter his face, bright and smiling, haunted her. Nothing disturbed him. Hour by hour he grew more angelic.

A week passed. One afternoon, however, he came home earlier than usual. As he entered the room his wife fancied she detected upon his face a slight flush. Her observation was confirmed when he spoke.

"You've caught cold."

"Me? Caught cold?" replied Von Blumer, hoarsely. "Oh, no, darling."

"But you have; you're as hoarse as a frog."

"Merely a thought."

She passed her hand over his forehead.

"You have a fever."

"A fever! What is that? I don't know it—it is not in my vocabulary."

"How do you feel?"

"Grand!"

"Now, you can't fool me," said Mrs. Von Blumer, thoroughly alarmed. "How does your head feel?"

"There was a time when it might have ached. Now—a mere sensation."

Dinner was announced.

"You have no appetite," said Mrs. Von Blumer, looking him over critically.

"It does not matter; eating is of no consequence. A thought. Leave me, I must take a treatment."

His wife reluctantly left him.

When she came back thirty minutes later, however, instead of lying down fully dressed, and going into the silence, he had retired. His feverish face looked out at her from the pillow, over the collar of his pajamas. He was still smiling, but it was like violets in January—a trifle forced.

"How do you feel?"

"Fine!"

Mrs. Von Blumer had reached her limit. Even to a good woman and a patient wife there is a limit of endurance. She threw aside her patience. Her husband was a sick man. This was no time to parley. She was righteously mad.

She advanced to the bedside. Her voice changed.

"Look here!" she cried. "Henry Von Blumer, you tell me the truth and no foolishness. *How do you feel?*"

There was a ring in her voice that in an instant went down into the depths of Von Blumer's consciousness and brought him back to her once again.

He raised himself up in bed.

"Feel!" he exclaimed. "Do you really want to know how I feel? I'll tell you. I know what's the matter with me. I've got a good old-fashioned case of genuine grip. Every bone in my body aches. My head is full of railroad iron. I'm hotter than the devil. Do anything you please with me! Cover me with mustard plasters! Fill me with tablets. Soak my feet and my head if you want to—in hot water. Send for the doctor. Get me well! No sicker man than I am ever drew the reluctant breath of life. Feel! Why, I feel so utterly and hopelessly miserable that I don't even care how much of a consummate ass I've made of myself!"

T. M.



BAKER ELECTRICS

comprise seven models for 1906:

IMPERIALS
STANHOPE
SUBURBANS

SURREYS
DEPOT CARRIAGES
BROUGHAMS
(Exterior and Interior Driven.)

In the manufacture of these beautiful vehicles we spare no expense, either in workmanship or quality of materials.

We have always aimed to make the name "Baker," as applied to automobiles, a synonym for highest excellence.

The long continued, satisfactory service of thousands of Baker Electrics together with their superb finish and perfect running qualities has earned for them from admiring owners the title,

The Aristocrats of Motordom

The Stanhope illustrated is representative of the Baker line. It is the ideal two-passenger vehicle for family use. The utmost simplicity of its operation makes it the safest of all automobiles for ladies to drive, yet its stamina and running qualities cannot fail to appeal to the man most experienced in the use of motor cars for business or pleasure.

Baker Electrics are clean and free from odor, superbly finished in every detail, simple in operation, and absolutely unequalled for durability and easy running.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE BAKER MOTOR VEHICLE CO.
10 Jessie St., Cleveland, O.

NEW YORK
Hippodrome
THOMPSON & DUNBY

Most Extraordinary Production Ever Staged
A SOCIETY CIRCUS

WITH
Court of the Golden Fountains
and other unprecedented features in teeming succession.
Sensational New Arenic Acts.
MATINEE EVERY DAY AT 2 EVENINGS AT 8

The HOUSE of a THOUSAND CANDLES

"Meredith Nicholson's new novel should be rechristened 'The Book of a Thousand Delights.'"

"The very name reeks with enchantment. It savors of a new Arabian Nights' allurements and we dash through the pages, the speed increasing with every chapter, held breathless with excitement."

Philadelphia Item.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO., Publishers

SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS

The Man with a Flint Lock

did mighty deeds of courage with it. Not the least of these was to use the weapon at all as it frequently exploded.

The Man with a Smith & Wesson
is half victorious before trouble starts. Even an old SMITH & WESSON is more sure than a new ordinary revolver.

Time does not impair our perfect materials and perfect workmanship, tested with the realization that life depends upon thoroughness of construction.

The SMITH & WESSON .32 and .38 S & W shot Hammerless safety revolvers are made with automatic shell extractor, rebounding lock and patent safety attachment.

They are especially valuable because they cannot be exploded unless the safety lever is pressed naturally as the trigger is pulled and the two parts act in unison. They are about 1/2 oz. heavier than the double action models of the same caliber—and are one of our handsomest and most reliable models.

Over 250,000 of these hammerless safety revolvers have been sold—without one single reported accident. The Bicycle revolver (.32 caliber) has every advantage of our safety hammerless revolver, and is especially light and convenient.



ALL SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have this Monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.

Our new booklet "The Revolver" illustrates and describes each model in detail and gives instructions for Target Shooting by an expert. The most interesting revolver catalogue published. Free on request.

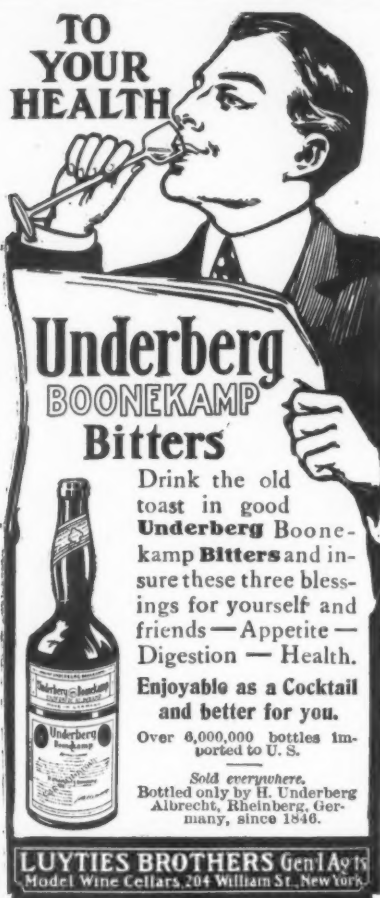


The Development of the SMITH & WESSON Revolver.
Watch for next month's picture "The Man With The Percussion Lock."

SMITH & WESSON
42 Stockbridge Street, - Springfield, Mass.
Pacific Coast Branch, 114 Second St., San Francisco.

OLD CROW RYE A STRAIGHT WHISKEY
H. B. KIRK & CO.,
SOLE BOTTLERS, NEW YORK.

**TO
YOUR
HEALTH**



**Underberg
BOONEKAMP
Bitters**

Drink the old
toast in good
**Underberg Boone-
kamp Bitters** and in-
sure these three bless-
ings for yourself and
friends—Appetite—
Digestion—Health.
**Enjoyable as a Cocktail
and better for you.**

Over 8,000,000 bottles im-
ported to U. S.

Sold everywhere.
Bottled only by H. Underberg
Albrecht, Rheinberg, Ger-
many, since 1846.

LUYTIES BROTHERS Genl Agents
Model Wine Cellars, 204 William St., New York.



THE best guesser often makes
the poorest cocktail—because
the proper mixing of the various
liquors always has him guessing.
CLUB COCKTAILS, the
original bottled cocktail, are made
after a scientific formula: the
choicest of old liquors are blended
in perfect proportions. **CLUB
COCKTAILS** is the only brand
subjected to ageing before being
bottled. Specify **CLUB** if you
want the original and best.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Mar-
tini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland
Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London



ED PINAUD'S

EAU DE QUININE HAIR TONIC

has known virtues that are positive
blessings. For more than 100 years it
has held its enviable reputation among
the rich and the poor, the famous and
the unknown. It deserves to.

It cleanses the scalp from dandruff, it
beautifies the hair by restoring strength
and lustre—it prevents the hair from
falling out.

Rub it gently into the scalp—just a
little of it, and you will feel your scalp
tingle under its healing, stimulating,
exhilarating influence.

Take care of your hair, *write now* for
trial bottles of **ED. PINAUD'S** famous
preparations.

Free **ED. PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE HAIR**
TONIC for three applications; enough exqui-
site perfume (Lilas de France) for five
times, and famous **ELIXIR DENTIFRICE** for five times.
Send rec. to pay postage and packing.

ED. PINAUD'S American Offices :
ED. PINAUD Bldg., Room 112,
New York City

Example of Overconfidence.

GEN. PLEASANT PORTER, an Indian
chief, desires to enter the Senate.

"But I am by no means overconfident in the
matter," said the chief in an interview. "I
know that if I get the election I'll have to work
hard for it. Overconfidence causes laziness,
defeat, humiliation.

"My ancestors, who came from Norristown,
sometimes illustrated the evil of overconfidence
with an anecdote of a Norristown man.

"This man was talking to a beautiful young
lady, an heiress, at a ball.

"'Yes,' she was saying, 'when I don't wish to
accept a man's attentions, and he asks me where
I live, I say in the suburbs.'

"The man laughed.

"Ha! Ha! Excellent," he said. "But
where do you live, Miss South?"

"'In the suburbs, Mr. Jones,' she answered.
—*Kansas City Journal*.

MAGISTRATE AND M. P.: After mature
and careful consideration of your case, I
have come to the conclusion that you are a lazy,
good-for-nothing rogue. May I ask if you ever
earned a shilling in your life?

Prisoner: Oh, yes, I have, yer 'onor. I
voted fer yer 'onor once.—*The Sketch* (Lon-
don.)

DAINTY
DELICIOUS
DIGESTIVE

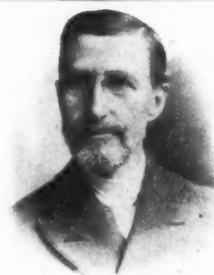


LIQUEUR
Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

Known as Chartreuse

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.



Stall's Books

All people, sooner
or later in life, are
bound to know the
truth about them-
selves and the sexes.
It is human nature.

The greatest duty of
parents is to under-

stand these vitally important truths themselves,
and to make their children understand them—in
the right way.

To tell these truths in an intelligent and straight-
forward manner, Stall's Books have been written.

The 8 Books in this series are:

Four Books to Men

By Sylvanus Stall, D. D.

- What a Young Boy
Ought to Know
- What a Young Man
Ought to Know
- What a Young Hus-
band Ought to Know
- What a Man of 45
Ought to Know

Four Books to Women

By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen,
M. D., and Mrs. Emma F. A.
Drake, M. D.

- What a Young Girl
Ought to Know
- What a Young Woman
Ought to Know
- What a Young Wife
Ought to Know
- What a Woman of 45
Ought to Know

\$1 per copy, post free. Send for free table of contents.

VIR PUBLISHING CO. 909 Land Title Building
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Call of the Conventional.

A PLAYWRIGHT once lent ear unto the loud insistent cry

For a drama that would be quite fresh and new;
He said: "Right here in Act the First my hero, brave, shall die,

And a fishbone chokes the lady in Act Two;
And I'll have no lallygagging in this model play you bet,

And the villain I will chase to timber tall;
And I will not write a speech or song for any old soubrette"—

But the public wouldn't stand for it at all.

A novelist imagined he would win the world's applause
With a book that held no old, familiar stuff;
"I'll banish all the love talk," he boldly said, "because
People weary of that ancient sort of guff."

So he drew a lifelike maiden, who was stupid and quite plain,

And a man whose only requisite was gall;
But such a rash experiment he ne'er will try again—
The public wouldn't stand for it at all.

So hear ye, all young writers who would untried pathways tread,

Don't try too hard to hand out something new;
Don't scorn the mental diet upon which we've all been fed

If you'd win a laurel chaplet and coin, too:
Don't scoff at dear conventions that have been on earth so long,

Don't fling the rusty "props" quite o'er the wall.
You may figure that you have written something new and fine and strong—

But the public will not stand for it at all.

—Denver Republican.

Tactful Quaker.

SOME time ago there lived a gentleman of indolent habits who spent his time visiting among his friends. After wearing out his welcome in his own neighborhood he thought he would visit an old Quaker friend some twenty miles distant.

On his arrival he was cordially received by the Quaker, who, thinking the visitor had taken much pains to come so far to see him, treated him with a great deal of attention and politeness for several days.

As the visitor showed no signs of leaving the Quaker became uneasy, but bore it with patience until the eighth day, when he said to him:

"My friend, I am afraid thee will never come again."

"Oh, yes, I shall," said the visitor. "I have enjoyed my visit very much and shall certainly come again."

"But," said the Quaker, "if thee will never leave, how can thee come again!"—Exchange.

Thrifty Girl.

GRACE: Do you remember all the boxes of candy Jack used to bring Edna when he was courting? Well, she saved them all, because candy hurt her teeth.

May: And what did she do with them?

"Why, after their marriage and Jack lost so much in the stock market she opened a confectionery store."—Chicago News.

THERE is no danger of dyspepsia for those who drink YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE.—Adv.

A New Fold Collar

Styles move in cycles. The "Kermit," a new, yet old style, is the original fold collar with the addition of up-to-date fit and set, and the stylish wide stitching.

It will appeal to those who find any discomfort in the ridged lock front style, because of the give and take of the V shaped opening.

It will also attract those desiring something different from the styles almost universally worn.

Ask your furnisher to show you Corliss-Coon Collars, or write at once for "Collar Kinks"—our book of new and leading styles. If your dealer does not willingly send for any style you like, we will supply you by mail direct from our factory on receipt of the price—2 for 25c.—\$1.50 per dozen.

Write at once for "Collar Kinks" or send 25c. for two Kermit Collars and enjoy their perfect fit, good style and long wear.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. IN, Troy, N. Y.



are 2 for 25c. Folds are four-
ply—always and in all styles.
But, at the "plague spot," where
other collars go to pieces quickly,
we cut away enough interlining (where
the illustration is shaded), to let the
collar fold without straining the fine surface
material.



BRIGHTON Flat Clasp Garter

for solid comfort. The newest shades and designs of one piece, silk web. All metal parts nicked, cannot rust. 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.



The greatest Races
have been won through

CONTINENTAL TIRES

JUST as a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, an automobile is only as good as its tires. The finest motor is useless without the strongest tires.

IMPORTED CONTINENTAL TIRES

are "THE WORLD'S BEST." Their excellence is one of test—they have been awarded more honors in more contests (speed and endurance) than any other tire.

Insist on having them on your car.

Send for Booklet No. 10 to
The CONTINENTAL CAOUTCHOUC CO.

W. Tieschbein, Pres.
Emil Grossman, Gen'l Mgr.
43 Warren Street
NEW YORK
Factory: Hanover, Germany

The life and snap and vigor in the air these crisp winter days suggest the quaffing of that most bracing of beverages—good old Evans' Ale.

Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Saloons and Dealers

BISHOP'S



California Preserves

THE ONLY FRUITS IN THE WORLD WITH \$1,000 PURITY GUARANTEE ON EVERY JAR

BISHOP AND COMPANY, LOS ANGELES
15 JAY STREET, NEW YORK



A GAME GETTER doesn't allow rust on his gun—neither does "3-in-one." Heavy oils and greases cannot prevent rust because they simply coat the surface and dry out.

3-in-One sinks into the pores of the metal, forming a delicate, imperceptible overcoat that prevents rust or tarnish on the barrel, in the bore, at any and every action point. Lubricates the magazine, triggers, etc. Our booklet tells—a sample proves—both free.

G. W. COLE CO.
132 Washington Life Bldg., New York



From Sketch.

THE FIRST MOTOR-BUS TO BRIGHTON.

SIR CHARLES DANCE'S STEAM-CARRIAGE LEAVING WELLINGTON STREET FOR BRIGHTON SIXTY YEARS AGO.



SEE AMERICA FIRST

BUT FIRST OF ALL

SEE YELLOWSTONE PARK

It's the place to go for a week, a month, or the season. Superb in its outing-possibilities. The greatest of Nature's wonders; the finest coaching trip in America. "Wonderland 1906,"—Six Cents,—tells about it. Go via the

GARDINER GATEWAY

AND THE

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

A. M. CLELAND, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Send Six Cents for "Eastward Through the Storied Northwest."

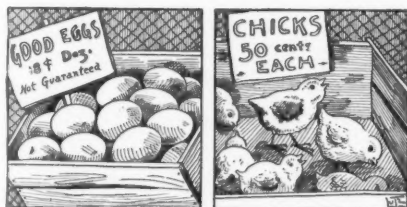
How She Would Save Juliet.

MRS. DRINKWATER, wife of the genial colonel, spent some weeks last summer in northern Maine at the comfortable farmhouse of an honest widow, Mrs. Brand, who adds to her income by keeping summer boarders.

Recently Mrs. Brand made her first visit to Boston, and while there met Mrs. Drinkwater, who took her to see Julia Marlowe in "Romeo and Juliet." Mrs. Brand had never before been to a theatre. "Campmeetin'" had been her wildest dissipation.

Mrs. Drinkwater's interest was equally divided between her companion and the stage. When they left the theatre Mrs. Brand was silent. Her usual volubility had quite deserted her. Mrs. Drinkwater respected her silence, and said nothing until they were well on their homeward way. At last she ventured to ask: "How did you like it, Mrs. Brand?"

Mrs. Brand turned toward her, and the tears started to her eyes, as she said: "Oh, Mrs. Drinkwater, I couldn't help thinkin' how different that play might have ended if the nuss had been a different kind of a woman and had pointed Juliet to Jesus."—*Boston Herald.*



YESTERDAY.....AND.....TO-DAY.

Shirt Fronts.

THERE is, however, one article of men's dress, in defence of which there is nothing to be said. What makes men so often late for a dinner party? What leads to the emission of more "words" and provokes more ebullitions of irritability than probably anything else in the world—excluding always a herd of pigs to drive; but we are not all pig drivers. Is it not the starched shirt, with its front and cuffs, hard, like a coat of mail? And yet into its interstices delicate studs and sleeve links have to be introduced before the luckless wight can be considered presentable in society. A woman transforms herself, hair, footgear, everything, decks herself in jewels and in lustrous raiment, and meanwhile her lord and master, man, the one rational being, is struggling, apoplectic, with his shirt front. Ah! what battles have been fought by distracted bachelors! What tortures have been undergone by sensitive women, when first confronted with the man they love, whom they had fondly deemed incapable of a swear word, but like Laocoon contending against embracing serpents, but contending with a shirt front, into which he has unwarily introduced his head, and which has been sent home buttoned up from the laundry. —*London Chronicle.*

This Train Runs Over Salt Water

To cut two hours off the trip to California, tracks have been laid across Great Salt Lake,—on strong piling, of course. That's one reason why the

Union Pacific and Southern Pacific

Overland Limited is three meals shorter to San Francisco, via Omaha, than any other way. Just save this time and money on your trip to

California

There's pleasure and profit in a trip to California—either or both.

Everyone should know about it.
For full information inquire of

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.
Omaha, Neb.

You may visit the

Grand Canyon of Arizona

en route to golden

California

on the luxurious

California Limited



All the Way
In a Pullman

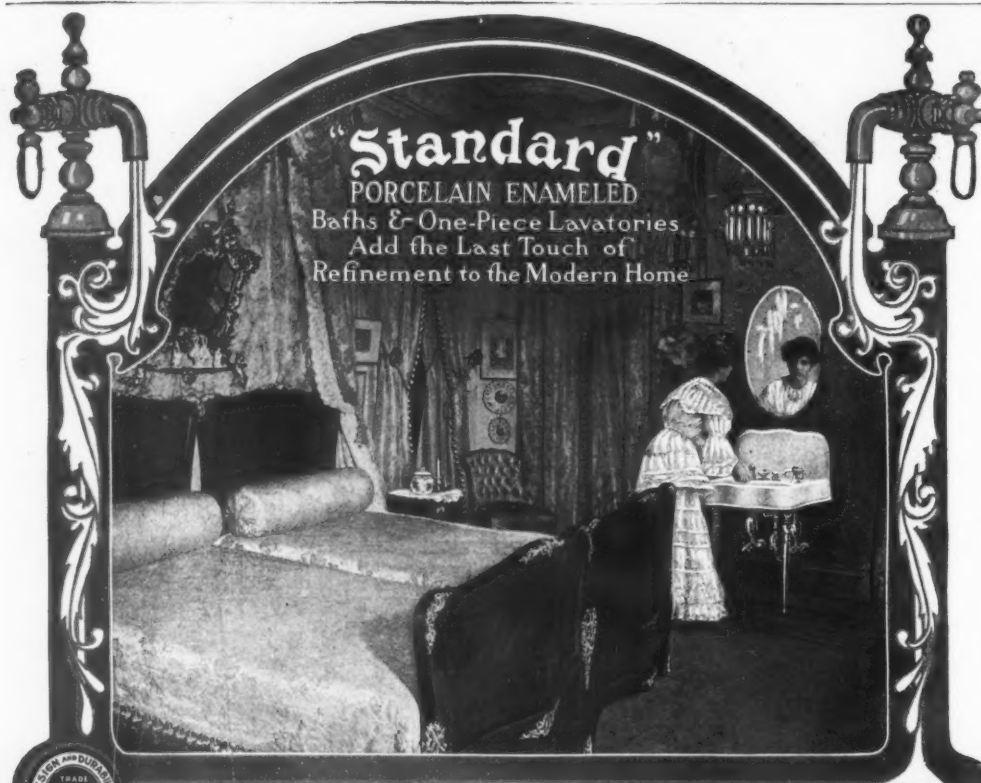
El Tovar Hotel, at the Grand Canyon, furnishes metropolitan service.

Under management of Fred. Harvey.

The California Limited is the only train to Southern California, via any line, exclusively for first-class travel.

All the facts if you ask Passenger Department,
Santa Fe System Lines, Railway Exchange, Chicago.

BURPEE'S SEEDS GROW! If you want the Best Seeds that can be grown, you should read **The Thirtieth Anniversary Edition of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1906**, so well known as the "Leading American Seed Catalogue." It is mailed **FREE** to all. Better write **TO-DAY.** **W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**



The charm of a dainty bedroom is greatly enhanced by the installation of a "Standard" Porcelain Enameled One-Piece Lavatory. Its gracefulness of design, its snowy lustrous whiteness, and its absolute freedom from crevices where dust and dirt can lodge, make it infinitely more sanitary and attractive than the old time washstand. With a bedroom so equipped the occupant is to a great degree independent of the bathroom. The cost is moderate—the comfort value enormous.

Our Book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," shows many beautiful Lavatory designs suitable for bedrooms with prices in detail. It also tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject, and contains 100 pages. FREE for six cents postage, and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

The ABOVE "Anona" Lavatory, Plate P-520 can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating \$54.50—not counting freight, labor or piping.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end.

Address Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 34, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.

Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street.
London, England, 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

A Business Transaction.

ONE day a stranger went to a horsedealer and wished to hire a horse and trap for a day's outing. Not knowing the man the horsedealer declined to trust them in his hands. The stranger was determined, however, upon having his drive and proposed, therefore, that he should pay the full value of the horse and trap on condition that he sold them back at the same price in the evening if he brought them back safe. To this the other could see no objection. The horse and trap were returned in good time, and after receiving back the sum paid for them in the morning the stranger turned to go.

"Hold on," exclaimed the dealer, "you have forgotten to pay for the hire."

"My dear sir," was the cool reply, "there is no hiring in the case. I have been driving my own horse and trap all day." And the astonished dealer was left to think the matter over.

—The Tatler.

When Irving Was Turned Down.

BRAM STOKER, who for many years was connected with the management of the late Sir Henry Irving, tells of an amusing incident which occurred during the player's tour of the Middle West.

It appears that Irving, in order to break a "long jump" from Chicago to another city, was desirous of securing for one night the theatre of a town in Indiana. Accordingly, Stoker wired the individual who was both proprietor and manager of the playhouse in question, requesting that Sir Henry be given a night's engagement.

In a short while Mr. Stoker received the following: "Does Irving parade?" When shown this, the distinguished Briton was much amused. He directed Stoker to reply that "Irving was a tragedian, not a minstrel."

The further reply came, "Don't want Irving unless he parades."—Harper's Weekly.

The Other Man's Shins.

A GENTLEMAN unexpectedly took a friend home to dine with him. Before dinner his wife took her husband aside and impressed upon him that when the sherry in the decanter was exhausted he must not ask his friend to take any more as there was none in the house. The husband promised to remember and act with all due discretion. When the sherry was exhausted, however, the husband in a fit of mental aberration pressed more upon him. The wife looked distressed and the visitor declined. After the visitor had departed the lady said reproachfully to her husband, "How could you press him to take more sherry when I had already warned you there was none in the house?"

"I am very sorry, dear," said the patient husband, "but I forgot all about it."

"How could you?" she replied; "what do you suppose I was kicking you under the table for?"

"It wasn't me you kicked," said her husband.—The Tatler.

WASSERMANN BROTHERS

42 Broadway, New York

Members of { New York Stock Exchange
New York Coffee Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade

BRANCH OFFICES:

Astor Court (Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.)
Windsor Arcade, corner 46th St. and 5th Ave.
Imperial Hotel.
Fifth Avenue Hotel.
Ocean Avenue, West End, N. J., during Summer months.



A Tree-Climbing Crocodile.

HE was a hard-worked dealer in smart fancy articles and nick-nacks and he had tried—oh, so hard!—to please a fractious but pertinacious elderly lady who wanted something “really nice and inexpensive but that looks good” for her granddaughter. For the twentieth time she picked up and examined narrowly a neat little hand bag.

“Are you really quite sure that this is real crocodile skin?” she inquired.

“Absolutely certain, madam,” the dealer replied; “I shot that crocodile myself.”

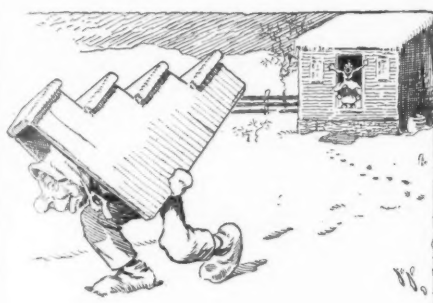
“But it looks rather soiled,” critically examining it near the light.

“Naturally, madam, most naturally; that is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the tree.”—*The Tatler*.

ONE day an electric car was derailed on the main street. The conductor went to a nearby office and telephoned for the work gang. When he returned to the scene of the accident he saw that the passengers were on one side of the track, with the exception of one lady, who seemed to be afraid to cross the rails.

When the conductor drew near she asked, in a timid voice: “Would I get a shock if I put my foot on that rail?” pointing to the nearest one.

“No, madam,” answered the conductor, politely. “Not unless you put your other foot on the trolley wire.”—*Boston Herald*.



TAKING THE NECESSARY STEPS TO BUILD A FIRE.

AFTER much persuasion, Sir John Astley allowed himself to be put forward, some years ago, as a Conservative candidate for Parliament from Lincolnshire. He confessed he knew little about politics, but entered into the campaign as rare sport. One day he addressed a meeting of electors, at a village in the Isle of Axholme, and, when he had finished, boldly challenged his hearers to fire questions at him. Presently there came the query: “What do you think of Sir Wilfrid Lawson’s liquor bill?” For a moment Sir John was nonplussed, but only for a moment. Pulling himself together, he replied: “I cannot answer for Sir Wilfrid Lawson’s liquor bill, but I do know that last year my own was a deuced sight too big!”—*Argonaut*.

*Strength
for the
Mother,
Health
for the
Child*

Nursing
Mothers main-
tain their
normal Health
and Vigor by
drinking the
delicious
Food-Tonic—

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

A palatable, predigested Food, containing in the most assimilable form the Strength-giving, Nerve-building elements of pure Barley-Malt and Hops.

Malt-Nutrine quickens the appetite, aids digestion and induces sound, refreshing, dreamless sleep. It contains such a slight percentage of alcohol that it cannot injure the most delicate child, and is generally recommended by Physicians for weak and ailing children.

Malt-Nutrine is pleasant and refreshing as a drink, and is retained by the most sensitive stomach. Sold by druggists and grocers.

Prepared by
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n
St. Louis, U. S. A.

The Life and Vigor of the Grain

CASCADE WHISKY

From Sunny Tennessee.

A perfect hand made sour mash, copper distilled whisky. *Absolutely pure*, aged by time alone.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS, CAFES AND BARS **GEO. A. DICKEL & CO., Distillers, Nashville, Tenn.**

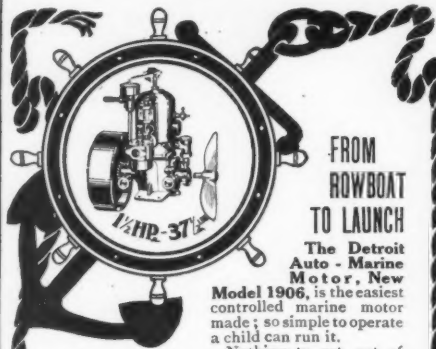
Intending purchasers
of a strictly first-
class Piano

should
not fail
to exam-
ine the
merits of



THE WORLD RENOWNED SOHMER

It is the special favorite of the refined and cultured musical public on account of its unsurpassed tone-quality, unequalled durability, elegance of design and finish. Catalogue mailed on application.
THE SOHMER-CECILIAN INSIDE PLAYER SURPASSES ALL OTHERS
Favorable Terms to Responsible Parties
SOHMER & COMPANY
Warerooms Cor. 5th Ave. 22d St. NEW YORK



FROM
ROWBOAT
TO LAUNCH

The Detroit Auto-Marine Motor, New Model 1906, is the easiest controlled marine motor made; so simple to operate a child can run it.

Nothing to get out of order—No Valves—No Gears—No Springs—No Cams—ABSOLUTELY FOOLPROOF; does its work better, at less cost, per running hour; has none of the uncertainty of other motors in its make-up, and costs little to buy. Why?
We are building 10,000 Auto-Marine Gasoline Engines this year—not merely assembling parts—but manufacturing complete from foundry to user—AND GUARANTEE EVERY ENGINE WE MAKE.

1½ H.P., - - - \$33.15, Engine Only
3 H.P., will develop 4 H.P., \$49.00, Engine Only

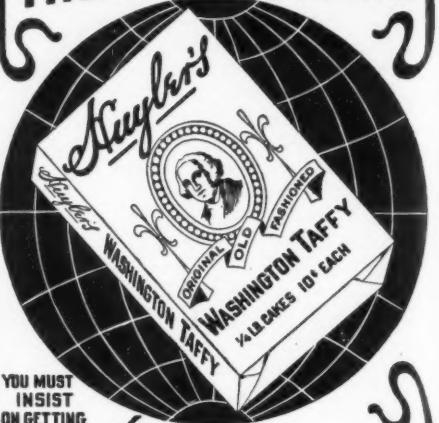
Write for Catalogue describing 1 to 20 H. P. Motors.

DETROIT AUTO-MARINE CO.
47 E. Congress St., Detroit, Mich.

The only builders of Auto-Marine Engines in the World.



IF YOU WANT
THE BEST TAFFY
IN THE WORLD



YOU MUST
INSIST
ON GETTING

Huyler's OLD FASHIONED
WASHINGTON TAFFY

FOR SALE AT ALL OUR STORES & FIRST CLASS DRUGGISTS
EVERYWHERE — 10¢ Cakes in Tubes.

If not carried by your dealer, send ten cents in stamps or money to Huyler's, 18th St. and Irving Place, N. Y. City.

Couldn't Come.

"OUT of a job, eh? Well, come around to the factory at seven in the morning and I'll put you to work."

"I can't come to-morrow, sir."

"Why not?"

"I've got to be in th' parade of the unemployed that takes place to-morrow."—*Houston Post.*

JOHNNY: Come in, Sister's expectin' you.
MR. STOPPLATE: How do you know she is?
"She's been sleepin' all the afternoon."—*Cleveland Leader.*

A GIRL'S idea of a coward is a young man who is afraid to propose.—*Chicago Daily News.*



LOST BY A NECK.

Mr. Monkey: THIS SETTLES IT! I'LL NEVER AGAIN TAKE MISS GIRAFFE OUT IN AN AUTO UNTIL I HAVE LEARNED TO BE MY OWN CHAUFFEUR.

A DONIPHAN county farmer who is known for working his men long hours recently hired an Irishman. A day or so later the farmer said he was going to town to buy a new bed for Pat.

"Yez needn't git extravagant on me account," said Pat. "If it's jist the same to yez, yez can cut out buyin' a new bed and can thrade the ould wan for a lanthern."—*Kansas City Journal.*

HE (cautiously): Would you say "Yes" if I asked you to marry me?

SHE (also cautiously): Would you ask me to marry you if you thought I'd say "Yes"?—*Illustrated Bits.*

Wives sometimes
object to life insurance.
Widows never do.
They know its value.
Get particulars free. No
importunity.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE
Philad'a

Redmond & Co.

Transact a general foreign and domestic banking business and allow interest on deposits subject to cheque. Dividends and interest collected and remitted.

HIGH GRADE INVESTMENT SECURITIES

Conservative investments will, upon request, be suggested for any purpose or amount, netting from 3½% to above 5%.

Members of the New York Stock Exchange and execute orders on commission

LETTERS OF CREDIT

for travelers issued, and bills of exchange drawn on all parts of the world.

507 Chestnut St. Philadelphia 41 Wall St., New York

MORTON TRUST COMPANY

38 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

Capital, - - - \$2,000,000

Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$6,000,000

OFFICERS:

Levi P. Morton, President. James K. Corbiere, Vice-Pres.
Thomas F. Ryan, Vice-Pres. H. M. Francis, Secretary.
Charles H. Allen, Vice-Pres. Charles A. Conant, Treasurer.
Paul D. Cravath, Counsel.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Levi P. Morton Paul D. Cravath
Thomas F. Ryan G. G. Haven
Charles H. Allen James N. Jarvie
Edward J. Berwind Jacob H. Schiff
Harry Payne Whitney



THIS Sorosis Shoe is one of the most fashionable and stunning of the new Sorosis Creations for spring and summer.

It is exceedingly popular and satisfactory and can be had in all fashionable leathers and materials at the following

SOROSIS STORES AND DEPARTMENTS

New York: James McCreery & Co.,
23d St.
Brooklyn: Cor. Fulton and Hoyt Sts.
Baltimore: 19 Lexington St., W.
Washington: 1213 F St.
Boston: 20 Temple Place and
176 Boylston St.
Chicago: 34 Washington St.

Hartford: 945 Main St.
Providence: The Shepard Company.
St. Louis: Scruggs, Vandervoort &
Barney Dry Goods Co.
Minneapolis: 700 Nicollet Ave.
Cincinnati: 106 West 7th St.
Detroit: Newcomb-Endicott Co.
San Francisco: 216 Post St.

Buffalo: H. A. Meldrum Co.
Philadelphia: 1312-14 Chestnut St.
Pittsburg: Cor. Penn Ave. and 5th St.
and 214 6th St.
Cleveland: 177 Euclid Ave.
Milwaukee: 93 Wisconsin St.
St. Paul: Field, Schlick & Co.
Denver: 626 16th St.

GERMAN STORES
Berlin: 60 Friedrich-Strasse
Hamburg: 25 Jungfernstieg
Frankfurt: a m 19 Rossmarkt

LONDON SHOPS
Regent House, Regent Street, W.
19 Westbourne Grove, W.
83 Brompton Road, S. W.

AND ALL OTHER IMPORTANT CITIES IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

The How to Fudge Stearns

One Model 45 Horse Power

Seek first perfection of workmanship. Poor materials do not warrant it.
Bad design is not worthy of it.

The materials in the Stearns Car are brought from any country that makes the best—each for its purpose.

The design is a refinement of accepted practice and shows no afterthoughts.
They are worthy of

The workmanship that has never been equalled in skill and in the time spent on each car. More than 2100 hours' labor (10 months of working days) by expert American machinists in finishing each Stearns Car makes the parts fit so they snap together like your watch lid, hang tight, yet part in the hands.

By what process could any maker, anywhere, produce a better car? Where is another so made?

After producing this car we figured the cost and selling price. We were pleased to find that the duties and excessive commissions on our only competitors, make our charge—\$4,250—barely half the cost of any foreign car that makes a comparison possible.

We seek communication from those who will appreciate this car. For such it will give a service greater than any other mechanism the world has produced. Shall we send our book of details?

The F. B. STEARNS CO.

Members A. L. A. M.

2990 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

New York Branch,

121 W. 89th Street,

Geo. F. Woolston, Mgr.

Boston Agents,

Reed-Underhill Co.,

222-4 Columbus Ave.

Chicago Agents,

Githens Bros. Co.,

1328-30 Michigan Ave.

